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THRILLS • MYSTERY • TERROR • SUSPENSE •



NIGHTMARE

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SUMMER 10c



THE GHOST

THE GH

Curse Of
The Whaler
**BLOOD
SHIP**

Blood In The Snow

THE CORPSE THAT WOULDN'T STAY DEAD



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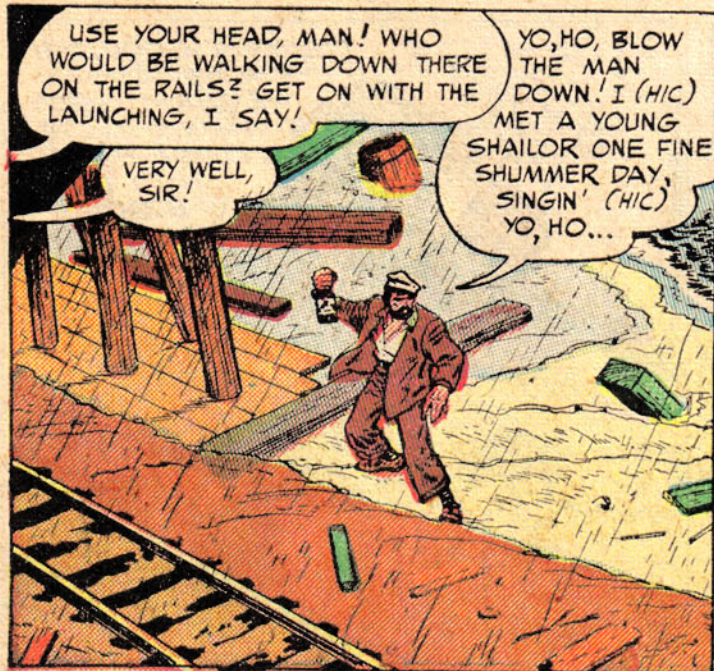
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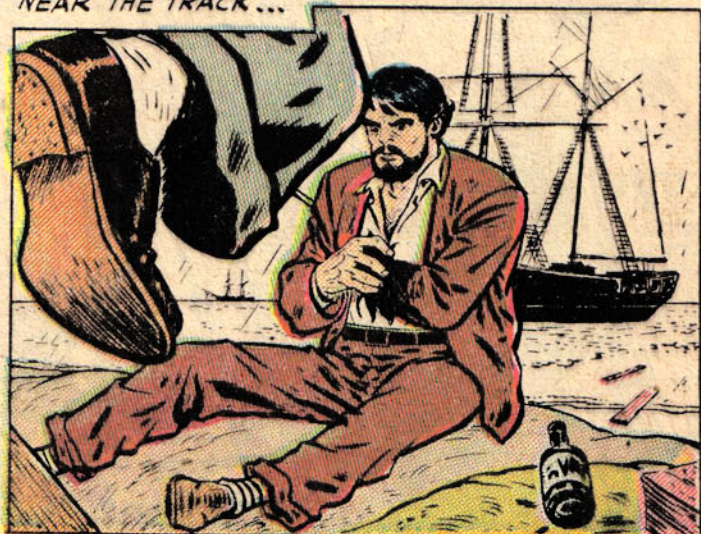
The **BLOOD SHIP**

OUR STORY OPENS IN NEW BEDFORD IN THE LATE EIGHTEEN HUNDREDS. HERE, ON THE WAYS OF THE MULHOLLAND SHIPYARD, SITS A VESSEL WAITING TO BE CHRISTENED. SHE IS **GLORIS DUNE**, LATEST ADDITION TO THE FLEET OF WHALERS OWNED BY ROGER HARMON AND COMPANY. THE DAY IS BLEAK, AND ONLY A FEW HAVE BRAVED THE COLD RAIN TO SEE THE LAUNCHING...





MATT CLAYBO'S SCREAM IS LOST IN THE RUMBLE AS THE HUGE VESSEL PASSES HIM AND SLIDES INTO THE WATER-- THE GLORIS DUNE HAS BEEN LAUNCHED--AND A MAN WITH ONE HAND LIES NEAR THE TRACK...



THE SAILORS AND OFFICERS OF THE GLORIS, BEING SUPERSTITIOUS MEN, ARE AFRAID TO SAIL ON HER ... BECAUSE SHE WAS LAUNCHED IN BLOOD! BUT CAPTAIN GEORGE BLOMPETER, MASTER OF THE VESSEL, IS AN IRON-WILLED MAN AND MANAGES TO WHIP A CREW INTO SHAPE FOR THE MAIDEN VOYAGE...

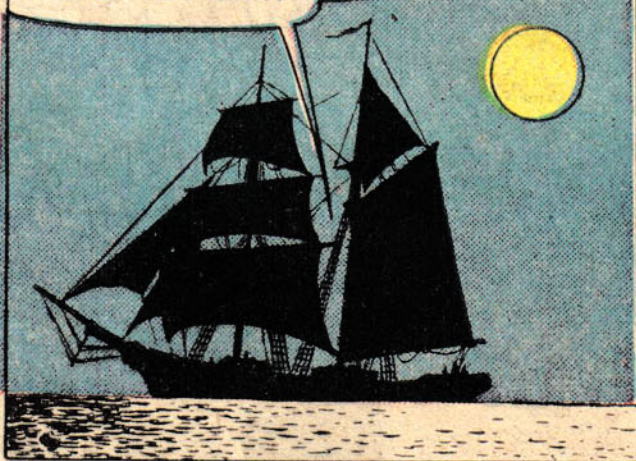


THAT'S THE GLORIS DUNE THERE, ISN'T IT? SHE SAILS AT DAWN!

AYE, BUT LOOK THERE! THE RATS... THEY'RE LEAVIN' THE SHIP! THAT'S A BAD SIGN, MATEY... **SHE'S DOOMED!**

BUT THE FATES ARE KIND TO THE GLORIS DUNE! HER FIRST SHORT VOYAGE PROVES UNEVENTFUL...

ONLY THING WRONG, AS I SEE, SKIPPER, IS SHE STEERS HARD SOMETIMES... ALMOST AS IF SHE WAS ALIVE - WITH A WILL OF HER OWN!



SO, SIX MONTHS AFTER HER LAUNCHING, THE GLORIS DUNE SITS AT BERTH IN NEW BEDFORD, WAITING TO TAKE ON A CREW FOR HER FIRST REAL WHALING JOURNEY!



I WONDER WHY WE'RE HAVIN' SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING SEAMEN, CAP'N? DO YOU THINK IT'S THAT STUPID CURSE?

OF COURSE, MISTER WALSH! SAILORS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT - LIKE CHILDREN! ONCE A SHIP GETS A BAD NAME...



BEG PARDON, SIR! ARE YOU SIGNIN' ON MEN FOR THE GLORIS? I'VE TEN YEARS AT SEA, SIR - HARPOONER FIRST CLASS!

WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW THAT FACE! YOU... YOU'RE **MATT CLAYBO**. AREN'T YOU?



THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, I DON'T BEAR THE GLORIS NO ILL! JUST AN ACCIDENT, THAT'S ALL! WHY, THIS HOOK O' MINE SERVES GOOD AS AN ARM ANY TIME!

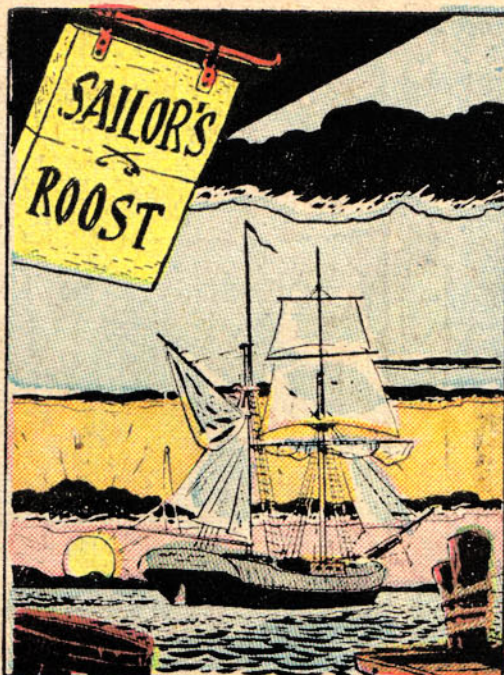
YOU NEEDN'T MAKE EXCUSES! I WOULDN'T CARE IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WALKED UP AND ASKED FOR PASSAGE! I'D SIGN HIM! AND I'LL SIGN **MATT CLAYBO!**



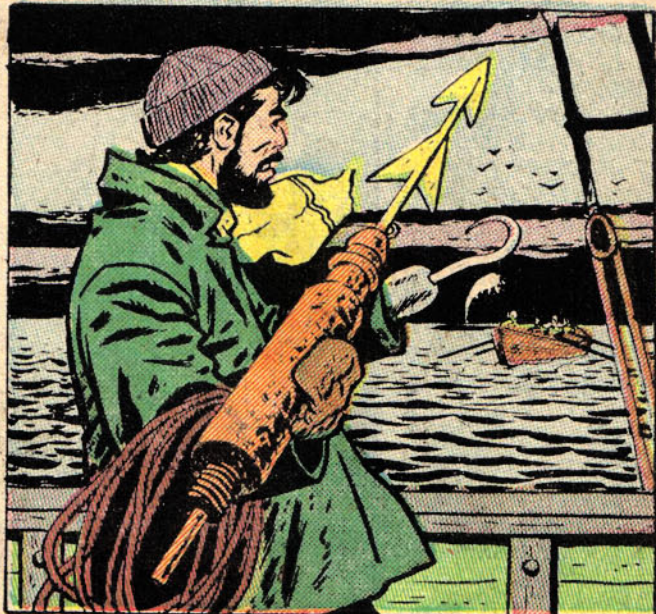
MAKE YOUR MARK!

AYE, SIR... AYE!

THE MATE WATCHES WITH MISGIVINGS AS CLAYBO'S HUGE BULK SWINGS UP THE GANG-PLANK! BUT THE GLORIS MUST HAVE A CREW! THAT NIGHT A SHANGHAI PARTY VISITS NEARBY CAFES AND BY DAWN THE GLORIS DUNE SETS SAIL, SOME OF HER COMPLEMENT UNWILLING, BUT WITH A FULL CREW NONE - THE-LESS...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE FIRST SPOUT IS SIGHTED, AND THE WHALING BOATS PUT OUT...

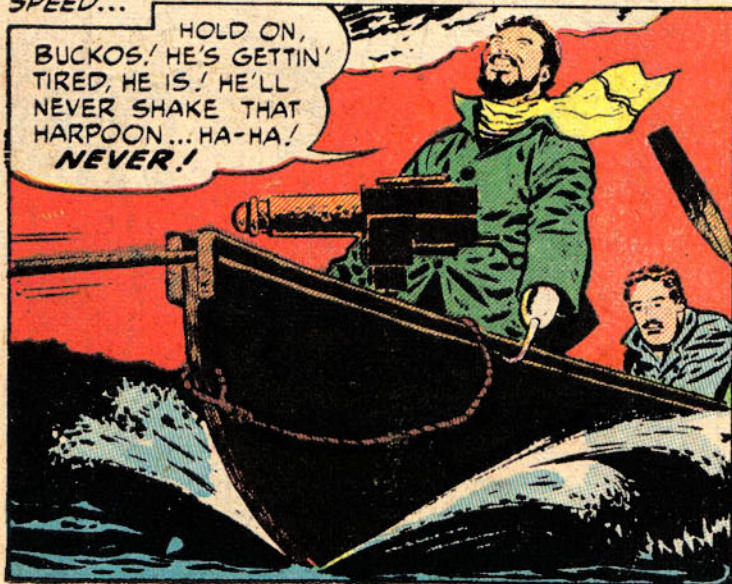


COME, ME BOYOS! PULL AWAY! WE'LL FILL THE GLORIS' HOLD WITH OIL FOR MISTER HARMON! HA-HA! BUT HE'LL NEVER SELL IT!

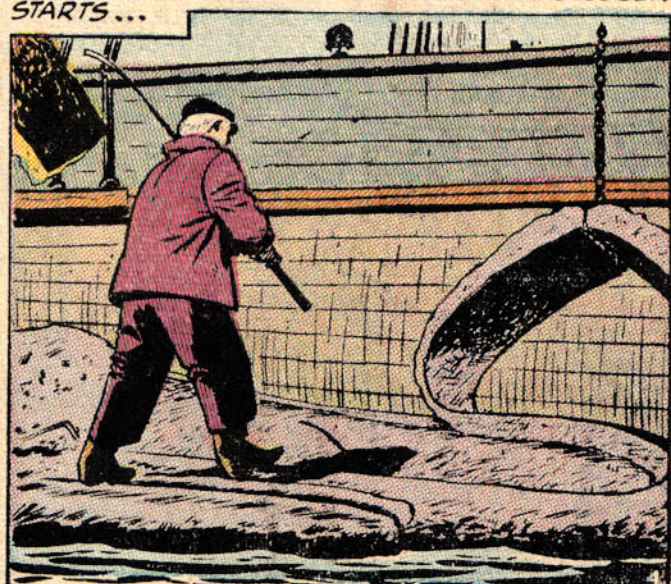


THE HARPOON BURIES DEEP AND QUIVERS IN THE WHALE'S HIDE! THEN THE MONSTER TRIES FRANTICALLY TO DISLODGE IT, PULLING THE LONGBOAT AT TERRIFIC SPEED...

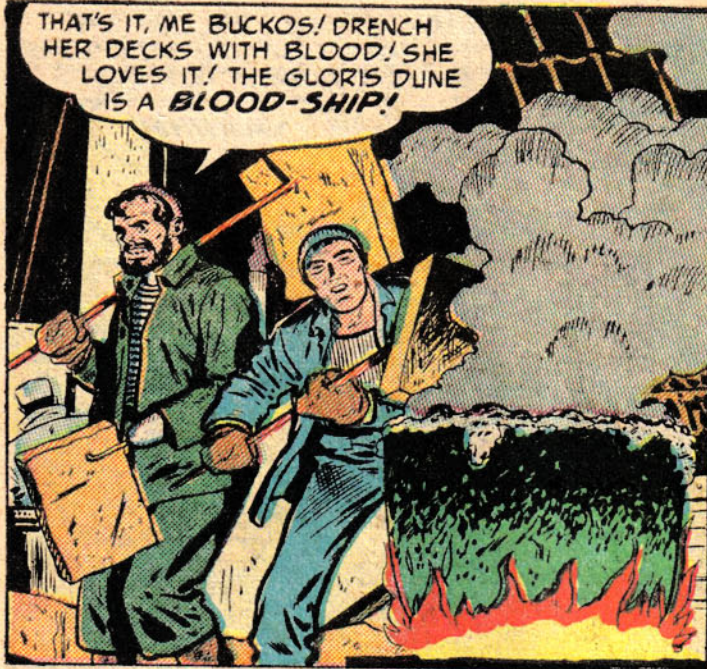
HOLD ON, BUCKOS! HE'S GETTIN' TIRED, HE IS! HE'LL NEVER SHAKE THAT HARPOON... HA-HA! NEVER!



AND CLAYBO IS RIGHT! LATER, THE DEAD WHALE IS TOWED TO THE SIDE OF THE GLORIS DUNE, AND THE SKINNING AND BOILING OF THE BLUBBER STARTS...



THAT'S IT, ME BUCKOS! DRENCH
HER DECKS WITH BLOOD! SHE
LOVES IT! THE GLORIS DUNE
IS A **BLOOD-SHIP!**



THEN, LATE THAT NIGHT, THE WORK IS OVER! THE OIL
HAS BEEN BARRELLED AND STORED IN THE HOLD!
THE CREW, DEAD-TIRED FROM THE WORK, IS
ASLEEP! EVEN THE DOG-WATCH SNORES IN THE
WHEELHOUSE! BUT MATT CLAYBO IS NOT ASLEEP...

NOW...NOW IS
THE TIME...



QUIETLY, HE MOVES FROM LONGBOAT TO LONGBOAT,
STAVING IN THE HULLS WITH HIS HOOK...

THERE, THAT'S THE LAST ONE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE SEA-WORTHY
DORY LEFT... AND THAT'S
READY WITH WATER AND
SUPPLIES - **FOR ME!**



THERE YE
BE, ME BEAUTIFUL
GLORIS, WITH PLENTY
OF OIL IN YER HOLD!
AND THERE'S BLOOD
ON YER DECK - BUT
NEVER A HOLY-
STONE WILL SCRUB
IT OFF!



YE TOOK MY ARM ON
YER LAUNCHIN'! WELL,
TONIGHT YE'LL HAVE
MORE **BLOOD** THAN
YE CAN SOAK UP FOR
ETERNITY! BUT YE'LL
HAVE NO MORE O'
MATT CLAYBO'S!



WELL, MY LADY, OIL'S
FOR BURNIN'! SO BURN
IT UP! **BURN IT
ALL! HA-HA!**





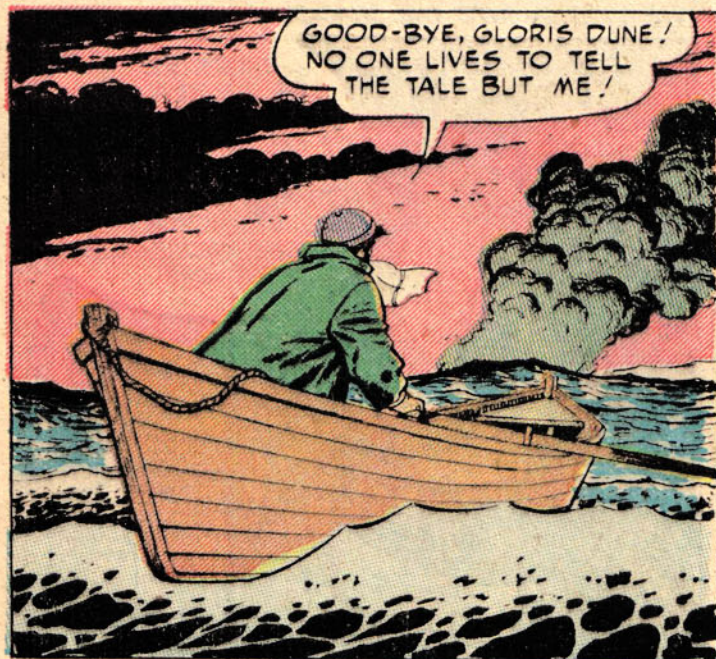
HEH, HEH! REVENGE IS SWEET! IN A MINUTE SHE'LL BE A BLAZIN' INFERNO!

THEN, SUDDENLY, ALARM SPREADS THROUGH THE GLORIS! THE MEN TRY FRANTICALLY TO GET OFF THE BURNING VESSEL, BUT THE STOVE-IN LONGBOATS SINK UNDER THEM...



LOWER THE BOATS! LOWER AWAY!

YAAHHH!



GOOD-BYE, GLORIS DUNE! NO ONE LIVES TO TELL THE TALE BUT ME!

SOON, A PASSING BOAT PICKS UP THE ONLY "SURVIVOR" OF THE GLORIS DUNE, AND RETURNS HIM TO NEW BEDFORD! THERE, A COURT OF INQUIRY CONVENES...



YOUR HONOR, THAT MAN HAD IT IN FOR THE GLORIS! ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT THE MAN WHO WAS HURT IN HER LAUNCHING SHOULD BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR? I SAY INDICT HIM!

ORDER! ORDER!

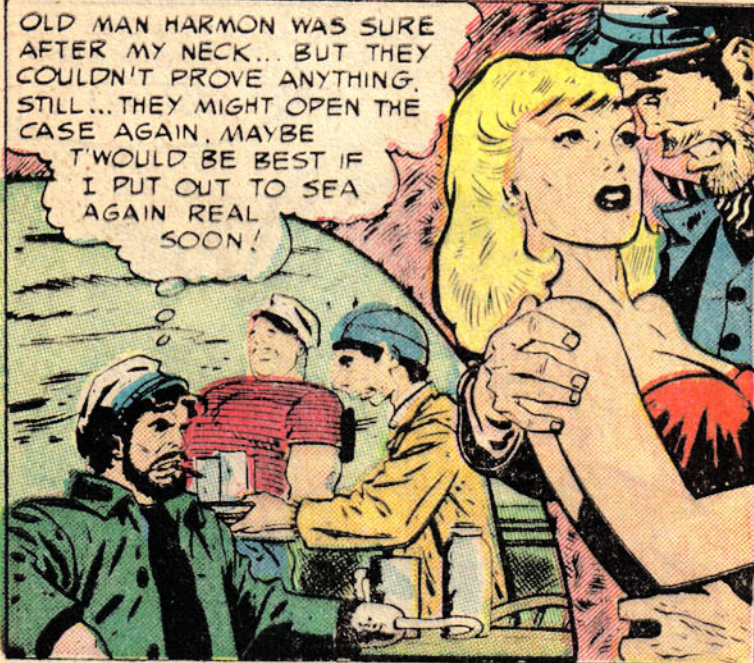


BEG PARDON, SIR! I'M JUST A POOR SEAMAN! I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE AFTER THE... "ACCIDENT"! THE OTHER BOATS WAS HIT BY FALLING SPARS! I WAS JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!



THIS COURT OF INQUIRY CAN FIND NO PROOF THAT THERE WAS MISCHIEF AFOOT ABOARD THE GLORIS DUNE! THE VERDICT IS ACCIDENTAL BURNING AT SEA! THE CASE IS CLOSED!

HEH-HEH... AND THAT'S THE END OF THAT!



OLD MAN HARMON WAS SURE AFTER MY NECK... BUT THEY COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING. STILL... THEY MIGHT OPEN THE CASE AGAIN. MAYBE I WOULD BE BEST IF I PUT OUT TO SEA AGAIN REAL SOON!



AYE... HEH, HEH. THEY CAN'T QUESTION A MAN WHEN HE'S ABOARD A SHIP A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, EH? HEH HEH!

SO MATT CLAYBO STRIDES UNSTEADILY DOWN TO THE DOCKS, ANXIOUS TO SIGN ABOARD THE FIRST VESSEL READY TO LIFT ANCHOR...



UMMM! THAT LOOKS TO BE A WHALER TIED IN THERE!



ONE SHIP IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, I SUPPOSE. I JUST WANT TO GET OUT O' NEW BEDFORD...



SEAMAN CLAYBO ASKIN' PASSAGE AS A HARPOONER FIRST CLASS, SIR.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH, KEEP, AND A THIRD OF ONE SHARE IN OIL. AGREED?

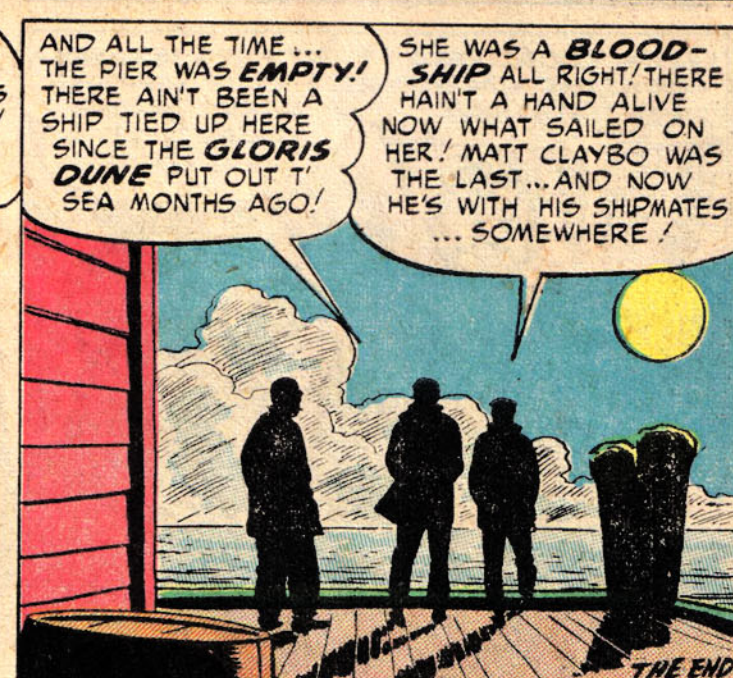
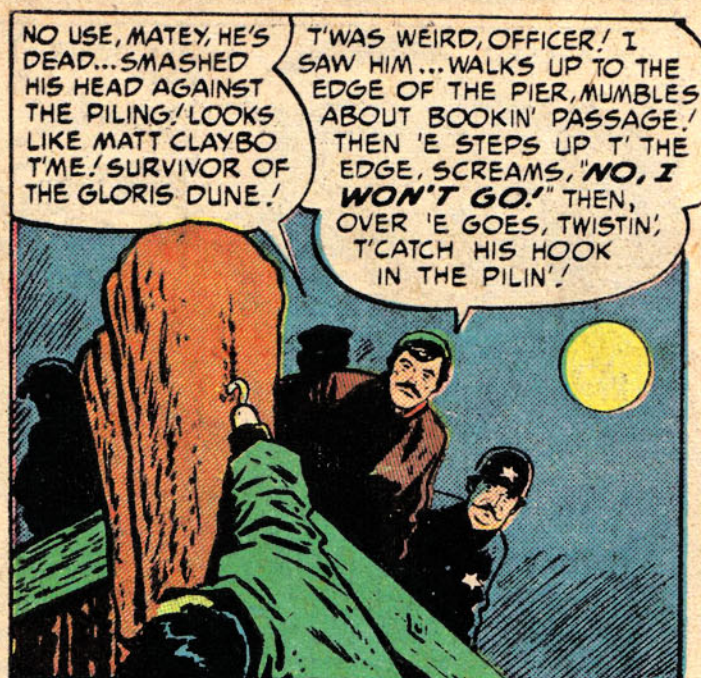
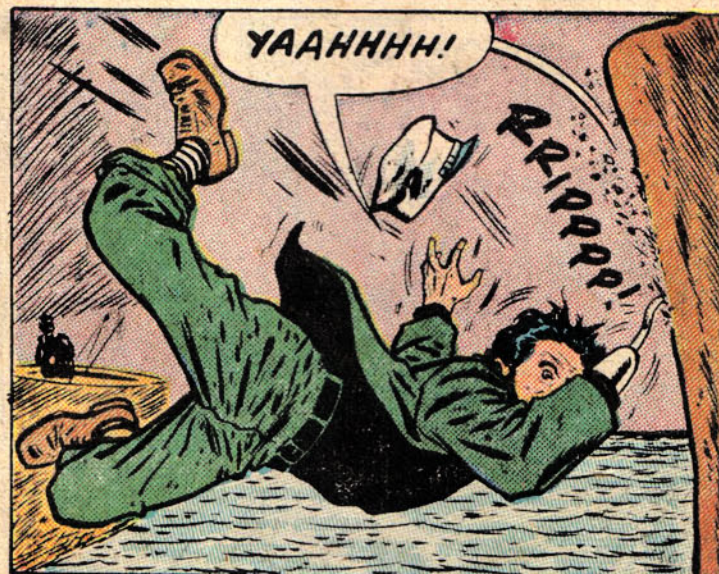


AYE, AGREED!

MAKE YOUR MARK!

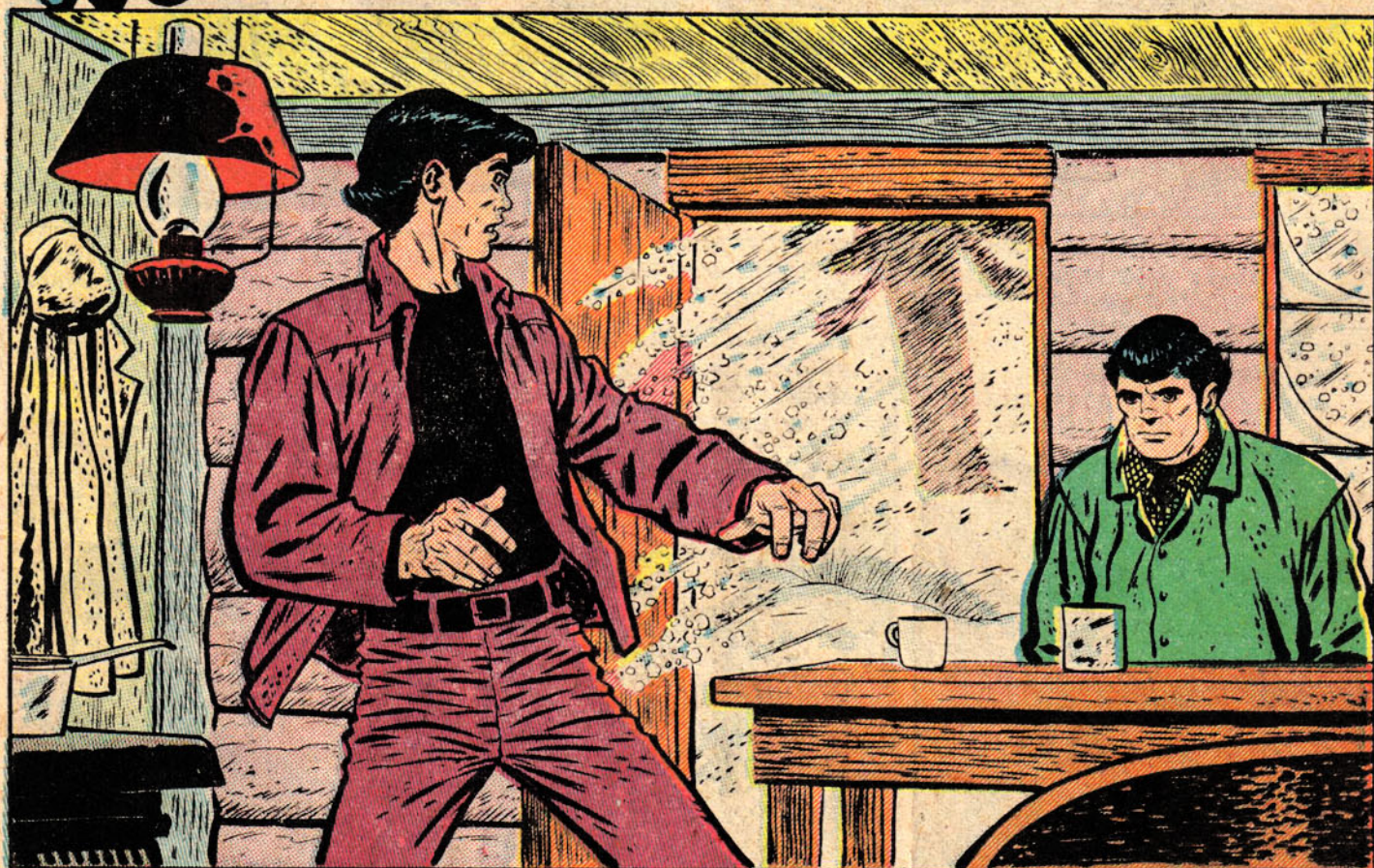


CLAYBO MAKES A DESPERATE LEAP, BUT HIS OUT-STRETCHED HOOK MISSES THE TOP OF A PILING AND RIPS INTO ITS SIDE...



MY HEART FROZE WITH **TERROR!** THE BLOOD CONGEALED IN MY VEINS, MY SKIN DREW TIGHT AND COLD, MY PULSE BEAT LIKE A HAMMER... MY BRAIN REELED IN **PANIC...** FOR AGAIN I WAS FACE TO FACE WITH...

The CORPSE THAT WOULDN'T STAY DEAD



JEFF DAWSON WAS MY OLDER BROTHER, A BIG, STRONG, HUSKY MAN, BORN FOR THE RUGGED LIFE OF OUR FATHER'S LUMBER CAMP. NO MAN WAS BETTER MADE FOR THE ROUGH AND TOUGH EXISTENCE OF OUR ALASKAN HOME...

TOM, HATED MY BROTHER JEFF. I'D NEVER HAD HIS STRONG PHYSIQUE, HIS VIBRANT HEALTH, HIS AGGRESSIVE WAYS. AND BECAUSE I'D ALWAYS NEEDED HIS PROTECTION, I RESENTED HIM...

HATED HIM...

SO LONG, DAD. I'LL BRING YOU BACK SOME GAME. SORRY YOU WON'T COME, TOM!

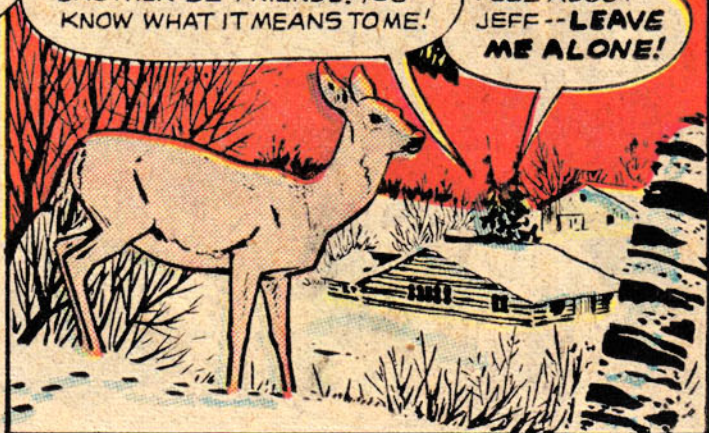
LAUGH! **YOU'RE SORRY!** WHAT FOR? YOU KNOW I WON'T GO WITH YOU!

DON'T MAKE ME

UNDERSTAND YOU, TOM. WHY CAN'T YOU AND YOUR BROTHER BE FRIENDS? YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO ME!

I CAN'T

DAD, LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT JEFF -- **LEAVE ME ALONE!**



BUT BECAUSE OUR MOTHER HAD DIED WHEN I WAS BORN, AND JEFF AND I WERE ALL THAT DAD HAD LEFT, I YIELDED AND AGREED TO MAKE A TRIP ALONE WITH JEFF...

THERE'S A **BLIZZARD** COMING UP, JEFF. I MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO COME OUT WITH YOU... LET'S TURN BACK.

NO! IT'S NEARER TO THE CABIN! WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THE PASS!



THE STORM'S GETTING WORSE! LET ME GO, JEFF! I'M GOING BACK! **I CAN'T GO ON!!**

SHUT UP, TOM! THIS PASS IS **BLOCKED!** GOT TO GO AHEAD! THE CABIN'S NOT FAR!



NOT FAR," JEFF SAID. NOT FAR FOR HIM! BUT IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO KEEP UP...

ONCE JEFF STARTED A FIRE, THE CABIN WAS WARM, BUT THEN CAME THE FIRST UNPLEASANT SHOCK...

THERE IT IS! WE'RE **SAFE!**

YEAH... SAFE! YOU'RE FINE... HAVING FUN... STRONG BOY! BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

WHAT--! NO FOOD! ENOUGH FOR NO MORE'N A DAY OR TWO!

AH... THE HUNTER THE MAN OF EXPERIENCE! READY WITH

ALL THE ANSWERS AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN PREPARED. NOW WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

WE EAT WHAT WE HAVE! WE WAIT FOR THE STORM TO BREAK!

YOU'RE CRAZY! I WON'T GO OUT IN THIS BLIZZARD! NOT EVEN FOR FOOD! **I WON'T GO, JEFF!**

WHEN THE FOOD GIVES OUT, WE GO HUNTING... STORM OR NO STORM!



BUT WHEN THE FOOD RAN OUT, THE STORM STILL RAGED ON... I WENT. JEFF MADE ME GO...

WE STAYED OUT UNTIL I WAS READY TO DROP BEFORE JEFF HEADED BACK TOWARD THE CABIN...

IT'S INSANE, JEFF! WE CAN'T FIND GAME IN SUCH A STORM! WE'LL KILL NOTHING BUT OURSELVES! **LET'S WAIT, JEFF!**

SHUT UP, TOM! THIS STORM CAN GO ON FOR DAYS! IT'S OUR **ONLY CHANCE!**

TWO RABBITS WON'T LAST LONG. TWO... MAYBE THREE DAYS. WE MUST GO OUT AGAIN!

NO, JEFF, NO! I CAN'T DO IT! **I WON'T!** YOU CAN'T MAKE ME! I'LL STOP YOU! **I WON'T LET YOU!**

I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM ENOUGH... **TO KILL!**



AND THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, AS THOUGH PROMPTED BY MY THOUGHT, IT HAPPENED! MY SNOWSHOES CAUGHT AGAINST A VEIN OF ICE HIDDEN IN THE DEEP SNOW...



...AND I FELL! A SHATTERING BLAST REVERBERATED IN THE HOWLING WIND. AS MY HAND HIT THE TRIGGER OF MY RIFLE...



JEFF WAS HIT AT THE BASE OF THE SKULL...

TOM! YOU'VE KILLED ME! YOU HATED ME... I KNOW... YOUR OWN BROTHER!

JEFF... NO, JEFF! I DIDN'T! BELIEVE ME!!



YOU ALWAYS HATED ME! NOW ... YOU KILL... MURDER YOUR OWN BROTHER ... AAHH...

NO, JEFF! NO! NO! NO! I NEED YOU! JEFF! JEFF... DEAD!



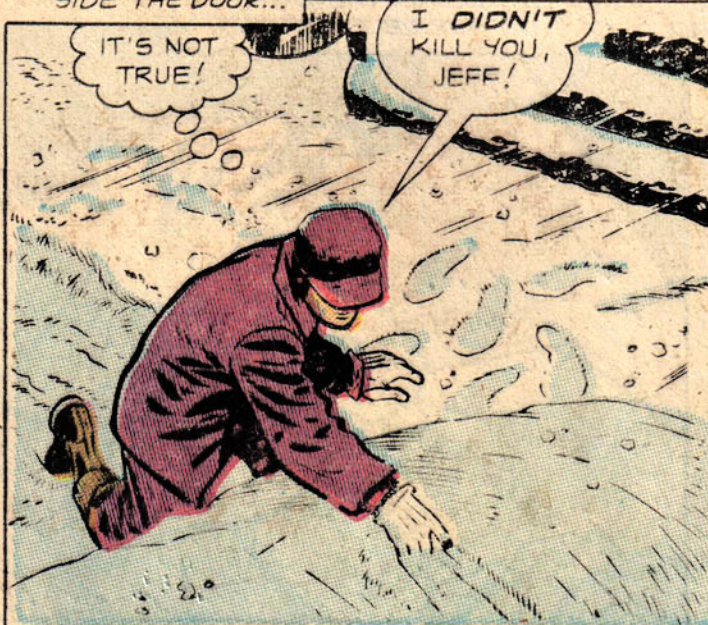
SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO DRAG JEFF'S BIG, HEAVY BODY BACK TO THE SHACK...



AND I BURIED HIM IN A DEEP SNOWDRIFT OUTSIDE THE DOOR...

IT'S NOT TRUE!

I DIDN'T KILL YOU, JEFF!



THAT EVENING WAS A VERITABLE HELL--A TORMENT OF AGONY AND DESPAIR... BUT, AS DARKNESS FELL, I FINALLY DOZED OFF INTO FITFUL SLEEP...

JEFF! I NEED YOU! COME BACK TO ME! JEFF! I DIDN'T KILL YOU!



NEXT MORNING WHEN I AWOKE, AN ICY DAGGER
PIERCED MY HEART! MY BLOOD RAN COLD, FOR
THERE AT THE TABLE I SAW...



JEFF! YOU'VE COME BACK
TO ME! JEFF! YOU'RE
ALIVE!! SPEAK TO ME!
JEFF! SPEAK TO ME!

NO! HE'S DEAD!
HE CAME BACK...
BUT HE'S DEAD!

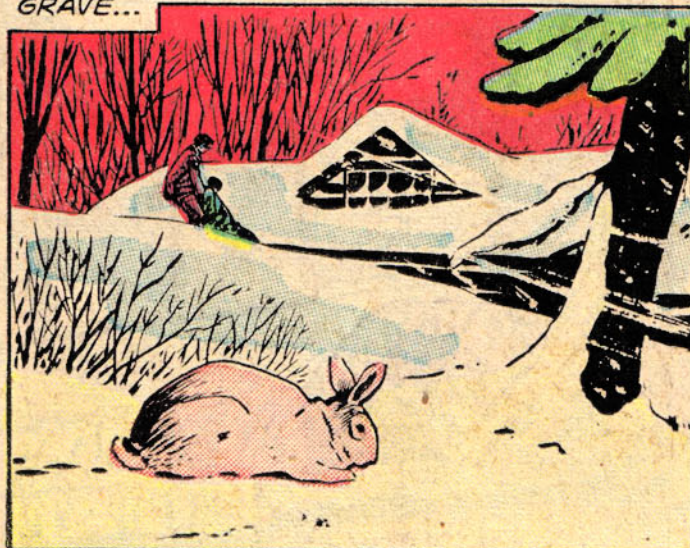


FRANTICALLY, CRAZEDLY, I RUSHED OUTSIDE.
THERE WAS JEFF'S GRAVE... EMPTY... FILLING
UP WITH NEWLY FALLEN SNOW...



HE'S DEAD! BUT
HOW COULD HE--

NEVER DID ANYONE SPEND A DAY IN SUCH
TERROR! IF I HAD ONLY BEEN ABLE TO FLEE...
BUT I WAS TRAPPED BY THIS ROARING BLIZZARD.
FINALLY, AT DUSK, I RETURNED JEFF TO HIS ICEY
GRAVE...



...AND A SEPULCHRAL FOREBODING INDUCED
ME TO RECORD THE GHASTLY NIGHTMARE
OF THAT TERRIBLE MORNING.



THAT NIGHT I TURNED INTO MY BUNK, FEELING THE CLAMMY TOUCH OF UNNATURAL FRIGHT. FOR HOURS, THE MACABRE SCENE OF JEFF'S RETURN REELED DIZZILY THROUGH MY TORTURED BRAIN...



I AWOKED THE NEXT MORNING WITH A CONVULSIVE START, FOR THE SCENE THAT GREETED MY EYES PETRIFIED MY BODY. THERE, IN THE ADJOINING BUNK, WAS THE PROPPED-UP CORPSE OF MY BROTHER!



JEFF'S ACCUSING STARE AND A SLIGHT, SARDONIC GRIN THAT CROSSED HIS FACE ROOTED ME ON THE SPOT. HIS EYES HELD ME LIKE TWO COLD RIVETS THAT WOULD NEVER RELEASE ME FROM THEIR GRASP. FINALLY, I BROKE THE EVIL SPELL...



JEFF! WHAT MAD POWER OF HELL BRINGS YOU BACK TO ME? JEFF! SPEAK! DEAD OR ALIVE! SPEAK TO ME!!

THIS NEXT MOMENT BEGAN MY DESCENT INTO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT OF UNENDING HORRORS.

EVERILY THEN, I TRIED TO REGAIN MY SENSES. BUT THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS OUT IN THE STORM, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE PASS...



NO!! I DIDN'T KILL YOU, JEFF! I HATED YOU... HATED! BUT KILL MY OWN BROTHER... NO, JEFF! NO!!



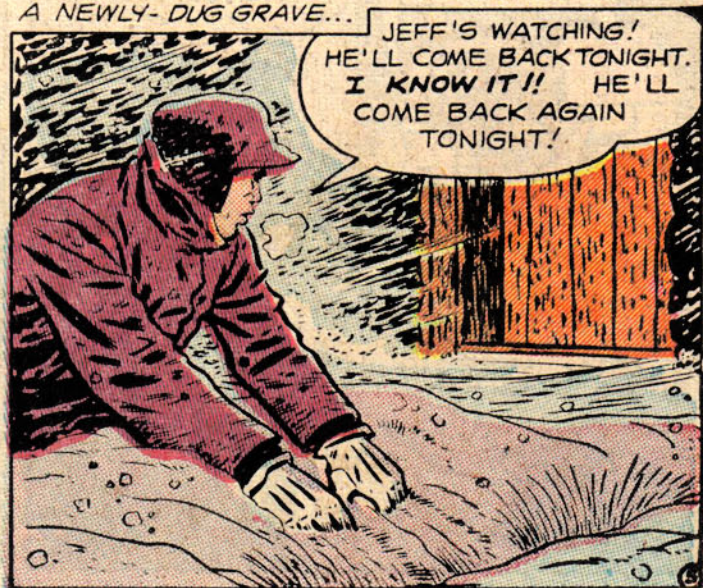
GOT TO MAKE IT! CAN'T GO BACK THERE! GOT TO GET THROUGH THE PASS!

BUT WHEN I GOT TO THE PASS...

I CAN'T MAKE IT! I NEED JEFF! HE'D GET THROUGH. I CAN'T. GOT TO GO BACK... THERE! HAVE TO GET JEFF!

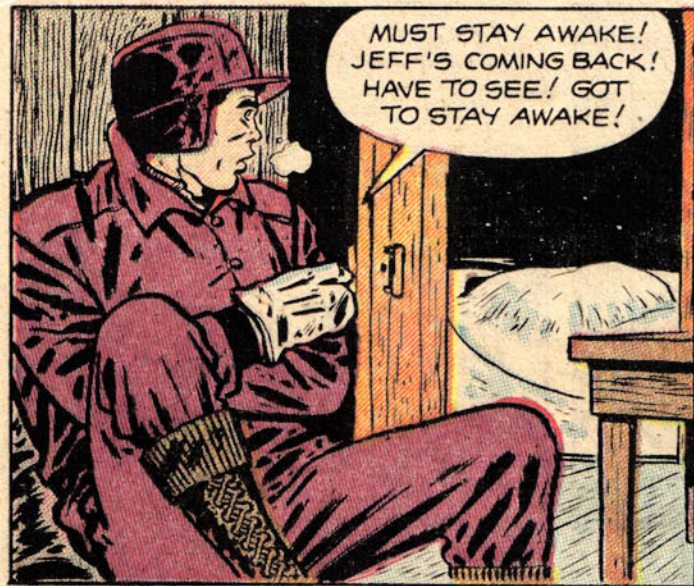


WHAT WAS THIS?... THESE THOUGHTS OF JEFF, AS THOUGH HE WERE ALIVE! I FOUGHT MY WAY BACK TO THE SHACK AND BURIED JEFF IN A NEWLY-DUG GRAVE...

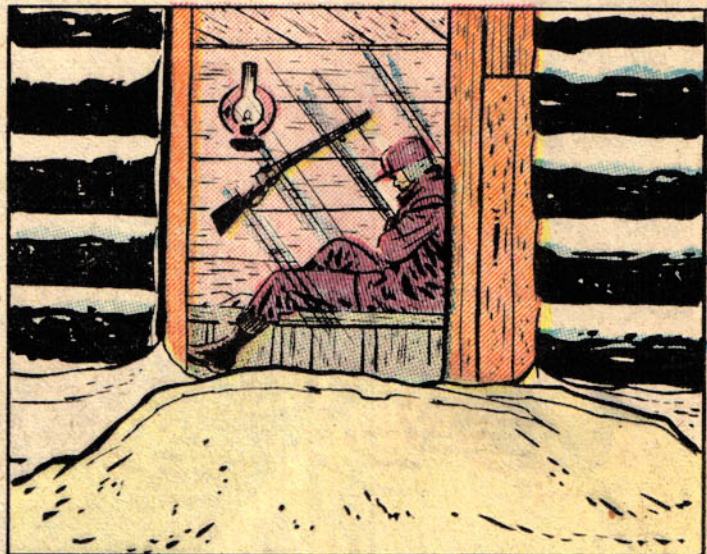


JEFF'S WATCHING! HE'LL COME BACK TONIGHT. I KNOW IT!! HE'LL COME BACK AGAIN TONIGHT!

FOR THE THIRD TIME, I BURIED JEFF. AGAIN I RECORDED THE FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE DAY. THEN I SETTLED BACK TO WAIT...



I WAITED... WAITED... WAITED. SLOWLY, MY EYELIDS DROOPED... MY HEAD FELL ON MY CHEST. TIRED... COLD... RIGID WITH FEARFUL EXPECTATION... I COULD NOT HOLD BACK SLEEP!



I WAS AWAKENED BY A COLD, SPINE-TINGLING SHUDDER THAT SWEEPED THROUGH MY BODY LIKE DEATH'S OWN CHILLING BREATH. I RAISED MY HEAD...

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? ALL I CAN RECALL ARE FLEETING GLIMPSSES FROM THE DEEP, DARK RECESSES OF MY SUBCONSCIOUS...



JEFF! SPEAK
TO ME! SAY
SOMETHING!
**SPEAK TO
ME, JEFF!**

I'VE KILLED
HIM! NOW
I'VE **REALLY**
MURDERED
MY OWN
BROTHER!

THE BLOW THAT FELLEED POOR JEFF
WAS THE BLOW, I GUESS, THAT UP-
SET MY ALREADY SHAKY BALANCE
OF MIND. NOTHING WAS CLEAR ANY
MORE. NOTHING MADE SENSE... ALL
SHAPE, ALL SUBSTANCE SLOWLY
DISAPPEARED... DOWN... DOWN... DOWN...
THROUGH AN ABYSS OF FANTASTIC,
WHIRLING COLORS... I REMEMBERED
NOTHING MORE...



BUT AS OTHERS RECOUNT IT,
WHEN THE BLIZZARD STOPPED,
A SEARCH PARTY WAS ORGANIZED
TO HUNT FOR JEFF AND TOM...

D'YOU HEAR... IT'S TOM'S VOICE!
THOSE SCREAMS? SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED!

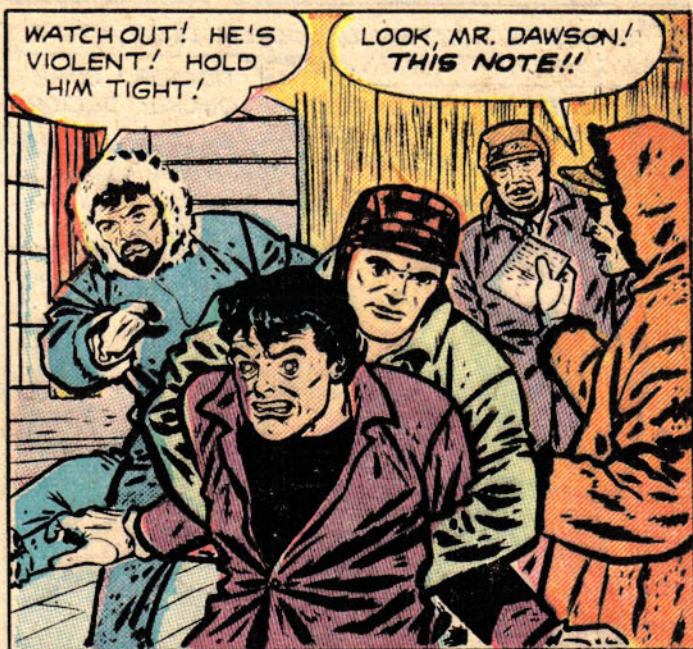


SPEAK TO ME, YOU
DEVIL! **SPEAK
TO ME!**



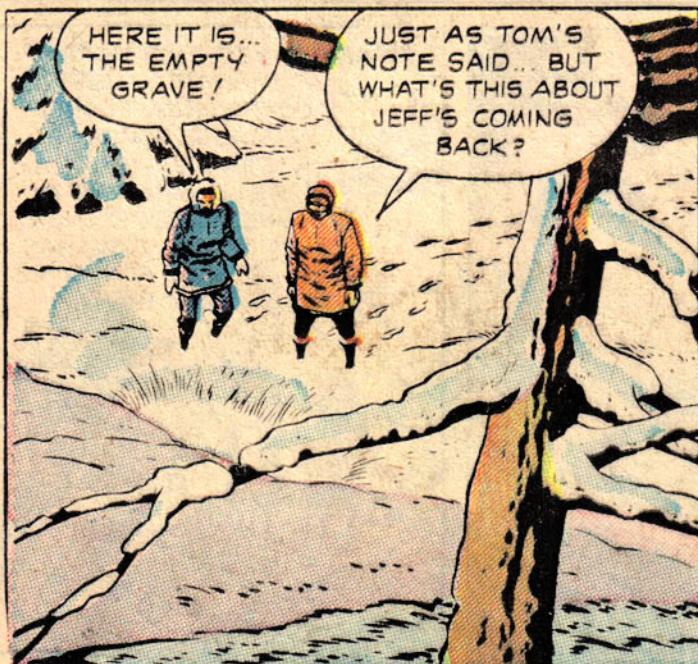
WATCH OUT! HE'S
VIOLENT! HOLD
HIM TIGHT!

LOOK, MR. DAWSON!
THIS NOTE!!



HERE IT IS...
THE EMPTY
GRAVE!

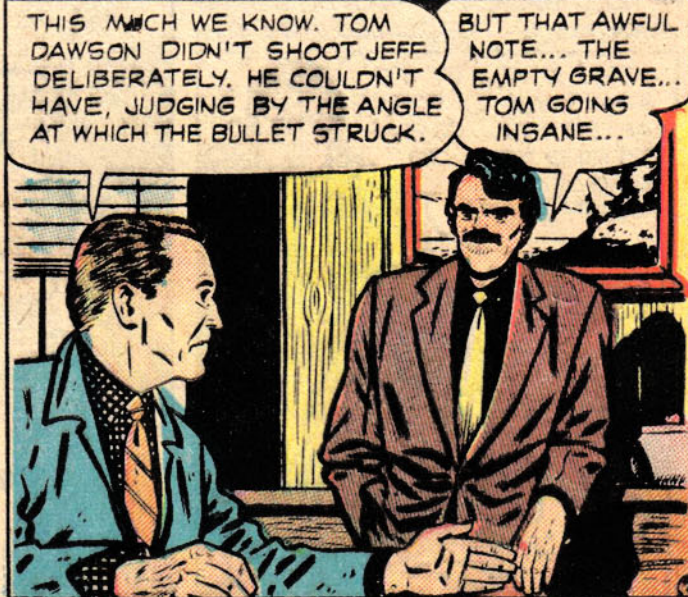
JUST AS TOM'S
NOTE SAID... BUT
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT
JEFF'S COMING
BACK?



THE AUTHORITIES PONDERED ENDLESSLY OVER THE
MYSTERY OF THE CORPSE THAT WOULDN'T DIE...

THIS MUCH WE KNOW. TOM
DAWSON DIDN'T SHOOT JEFF
DELIBERATELY. HE COULDN'T
HAVE, JUDGING BY THE ANGLE
AT WHICH THE BULLET STRUCK.

BUT THAT AWFUL
NOTE... THE
EMPTY GRAVE...
TOM GOING
INSANE...



TOM INSANE! YES, TOM DAWSON WAS ADJUDGED INSANE AND BECAME AN INMATE OF A MENTAL INSTITUTION. WAS THE GRISLY SECRET OF THE REAPPEARING CORPSE TO REMAIN FOREVER UNSOLVED?...

JEFF!
JEFF! I WANT YOU BACK!
I NEED YOU, JEFF!

DOCTOR, TOM DAWSON SEEMS VERY RESTLESS. HE'S BEEN STARING OUT OF THAT WINDOW AND WHISPERING HIS BROTHER'S NAME.

YES, HE DOES THAT WHENEVER A STORM COMES UP. PERHAPS IT'S A KEY TO SOMETHING. KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON HIM!

SOMETIME PAST MIDNIGHT, IN THE DARK AND COLD...

I'M COMING TO GET YOU. I'LL BRING YOU BACK TO ME, JEFF!

TOM SLIPPED OUT AN UNLOCKED DOOR INTO THE ASYLUM COURTYARD...

I DIDN'T KILL YOU! I NEED YOU! I'M COMING FOR YOU, JEFF!

DOCTOR! COME QUICKLY! DOCTOR!

JEFF! WHERE ARE YOU? WHY CAN'T I FIND YOU? WHERE ARE YOU, JEFF?

CAREFUL, NURSE! HANDLE HIM GENTLY! HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!!

BUT GENTLE HANDS COULD NOT HOLD BACK THE FRANTIC DETERMINATION OF THE CRAZED PATIENT...

JEFF! I'VE GOT TO FIND YOU! I'M COMING AFTER YOU... COMING TO FIND YOU... TO FIND YOU!... JEFF! JEFF!

JEFF... I'M COMING... A-A-AR-GHH!

DEAD? YES... HIS HEART! IMAGINE... JEFF'S CORPSE REAPPEARED BECAUSE TOM WAS DIGGING HIM UP WHILE WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!! NOW... IN DEATH... TOM HAS AT LAST FOUND HIS BROTHER!

THE END

FLYBOY

Thrilling adventures of
Flying Cadets!



The HAWK

Fighting Marshal of the
American Desert!

**SPACE
BUSTERS**

Daredevil adventures in
the limitless void!

**SPEED
SMITH**

King of the Hot Rods!
Thrilling Speedway Ac-
tion!

**EERIE
MYSTERIES**

Journeys into realms of
fantasy!

Beanbags

Great new star on the
laugh horizon!

**EXPLORER
JOE**

Daring trail blazer of new
frontiers!

Wild Boy

Boldest jungle adventurer
of them all!

**KID
COWBOY**

Boy marvel of the wild
west!

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America's beloved radio
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(NOW MONTHLY)

**CRIME
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Can crime be cured? Com-
bat it with Dr. Tom Rogers,
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**CRUSADER
from MARS**

Unearthly visitor from
another world!

**ELLERY
QUEEN**

Mystery and murder with
the world's greatest de-
tective!

G.I. Joe

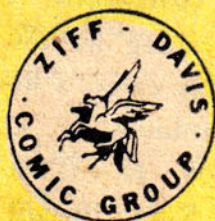
Exciting battle action with
the U. S. Infantry at war!

(MONTHLY)

THRILLS!

ADVENTURE!

LOOK FOR
THESE
SYMBOLS



**WHOLESOME
READING FOR
THE ENTIRE FAMILY**

JARDINI'S JAW

AS Russ Howard entered the great chamber that was the study of Philip Stang, world's foremost student of the occult, he felt for the hundredth time its air of mystery. For this room, illuminated by a single blue lamp, was like something in another plane of existence. The dim, eerie light playing over book lined walls, the somber shadows cast by the purple curtains, the electric presence of Philip Stang himself, all gave Russ a feeling of other worldliness.

And Philip's midnight summons had been urgent!

Yet, despite the urgency of his call, gaunt-faced Philip Stang now made no move to rise and greet his friend. He continued to sit in the deep chair, apparently lost in thought. His piercing black eyes, sunken in their sockets, stared straight ahead as though transfixed by what they saw. Only his eyelids flickered, acknowledging Russ' arrival.

Following the line of Stang's gaze, Russ' eyes came to rest upon a strange object lying in the center of the small table before them, an inch thick, bluish white object about three inches long. The object, in itself, seemed harmless enough, an inanimate thing arousing in him no particular emotion. But in these surroundings, with his friend so entranced by it, Russ felt his flesh crawl.

Shuddering, he tore his eyes from the object and fixed his gaze upon the worn, handsome face of the older man. "What is it?"

With the exaggerated slowness of a sleepwalker, Philip Stang pointed a bony finger at a chair. Russ sat down, expectantly.

Stang chose his words carefully. "I have told you that the late Jan Jardini, the famous student of the occult, was my friend. But I did not tell you that Jan promised me before he died that he would use his vast knowledge of the supernatural in an effort to overcome the barrier between this world and the next. After he died he hoped to return to earth with the secrets of life and eternity which he would impart to me."

The feeling of uneasiness mounted in Russ Howard. Whenever his friend spoke of the supernatural, his thin veneer of normality slipped from

him like a dropped cloak. An intense burning light in his eyes seemed to betray an incipient madness. The light shone in Philip's eyes now, a dark mirror of the man's soul.

"Jardini has kept his word. He has returned," Philip continued. "For many years I have held to the one tangible link that he needed to effect the transmigration. Now, at last, he has done it. Tonight, he spoke to me, right here in this room, through the medium of the memento he willed to me."

Stang paused, as though his mind had suddenly made contact with forces beyond the ken of mortal man. Again, he was staring fixedly at the object on the table.

"Memento?" Russ prompted.

Stang did not reply immediately. Then his answer came, a husky, low-throated whisper. "Yes, Jardini's jaw. That's it, there on the table. No—*don't pick it up!*"

Russ Howard had never fully shared Stang's belief in the supernatural. But out of respect for his friend, he muffled a snort of laughter. This was too ridiculous! Philip was allowing himself to be carried too far in his search for the occult and the fantastic. "Are you trying to tell me this—this bit of bone on the table is Jardini's jaw, and that it can speak to you, tell you what's going on in the other world!"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you," replied Philip Stang. "I asked you to come over because I am fearful of what I will learn tonight. If anything should happen to me as a result of the knowledge I will gain when Jardini returns, I want you to know that you, Russ, are my sole heir. Every penny I have in the world will be yours, everything I own, this house, my books, even my most priceless possession, Jardini's jaw!"

"Philip, this is sheer madness! Why, why do you want to pierce the veil of the beyond? Can't you forget this thing, drive it out of your mind?"

Philip Stang suddenly looked very tired and older than his sixty years. "What would you do, Russ? Would you decline to learn the secrets of life and immortality? Could you resist—could you, if

the jaw had extended the same invitation to you?"

Russ Howard shuddered. "You are right, Philip. No man could resist—but this is impossible! How could a mere chip of bone—"

"I will know! I must!" Stang said determinedly. "I have spent thirty years of my life seeking the knowledge that I shall gain tonight. I cannot stop now, not when that knowledge is almost within my grasp!" The light in Philip Stang's eyes grew even more intense, and his voice rose to an uncanny pitch. "Think of it, man! Think of it! Tonight, through the dead eyes of Jan Jardini, I may even see God!"

Russ sprang from his chair and seized his friend's shoulders. "Philip, get hold of yourself! You've hypnotised yourself into believing you heard the jaw speak to you. Perhaps you dreamed it. Reason, man! No one has ever returned from the dead, and no one ever will!"

For answer, Philip Stang shifted his gaze from the bone on the table to squint through the gloom at the old clock hugged by shadows in the corner of the room.

"It is nearly time," he whispered hoarsely. "Go, Russ. It is best that I am alone when he arrives. Come back in an hour. I may need your help." Stang was shaking in sudden excitement, his lips wide apart. His breath wheezed like a ghastly bellows.

Russ Howard looked at the piece of bone on the table. What if—? But no, the bone was a perfectly harmless object. When he returned he would find a saner, though perhaps disappointed Philip Stang who would be secretly relieved that his expectant visitant from the beyond had not come. Stang's nerves were on edge, had woven a strange and fearful tapestry from the loom of his imagination. Wordlessly, Russ Howard quitted the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Slowly, the fateful hour dragged by. In the clear air outside, away from the morbid atmosphere of Philip's study, he was less alarmed for his friend. His step was light, unworried, as he lifted the latch and re-entered the dimly lit room.

He almost laughed to himself. The ridiculous piece of bone still sat on the table. In his big chair, Philip Stang was motionless, as though waiting, his black eyes still staring straight ahead.

But now Philip's face was a horrible mask of

incredible terror, a mute testimonial that he *had* seen that which no man dares look upon—and live! Philip Stang was dead!

Panic clutched out for him in the near-darkness. He felt a wild urge to start running, running anywhere, never to stop until even his mind had out-distanced his memory. His trembling hand had reached the door latch, when:

"Wait!" The word came from nowhere, a ghostly, drawn out whisper like an icy wind rushing into a cave. It filled the room with cold horror, and it froze Russ Howard where he stood. Only his eyes were mobile, drawn irresistibly to the piece of bone on the table.

Again, the voice from nowhere, reaching across eternity. "Yes, it is the only link between the world of the living and the world of the dead. Only a bit of bone, but through it, Russ Howard, I, Jan Jardini, can disclose to you the mysteries of the universe! Come. Sit down in the vacant chair beside your friend, and I shall tell you, even as I told him."

Silence in the dimly-lit chamber, except for the terrible rasping sound of Russ Howard's breathing as his legs carried him against his will to the chair. Then, abruptly, he was sitting in the chair, his eyes riveted upon the object which somehow, incredibly, had taken the life of his friend Philip Stang. But at this moment he thought not of his dead friend, nor of the great wealth and properties which now were his. These things were suddenly without value. They meant nothing. Only the bone, Jardini's jaw, was important. It crowded all other thought from his mind. Through this jaw he would learn all there was to know—the ageless secrets of life and death, time and eternity—and God!

All he had to do was gaze intently at the bone, just as Philip Stang was gazing at it. Then he would learn what he *had* to know!

Soon. Soon now, he would share the secret! "Speak, Jardini! Tell me what lies beyond mortality. Give me the knowledge men have sought through the ages!"

A cold draught swept through the great chamber. The voice of Jan Jardini was closer now, whispering at his very ear.

"Patience. Patience, Russ Howard. In another moment, you shall know."

THE END

WALTER GREGORY WAS A MAN WHO WOULD MAKE ANY KIND OF A DEAL TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN! HE EVEN MADE A MOCKERY OF LOVE WHEN HE SACRIFICED HIS FIANCEE'S LIFE FOR HIS OWN! AND HE WAS WILLING TO MAKE A BARGAIN WITH DEATH ITSELF WHEN HE SIGNED HIS NAME...

The FATAL NOTE!

PLEASE, WALT! LET ME HOLD ONTO THAT SPAR! I CAN'T STAY AFLOAT ANY LONGER! I--
OHNNNNNNH....

GET AWAY! THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE!



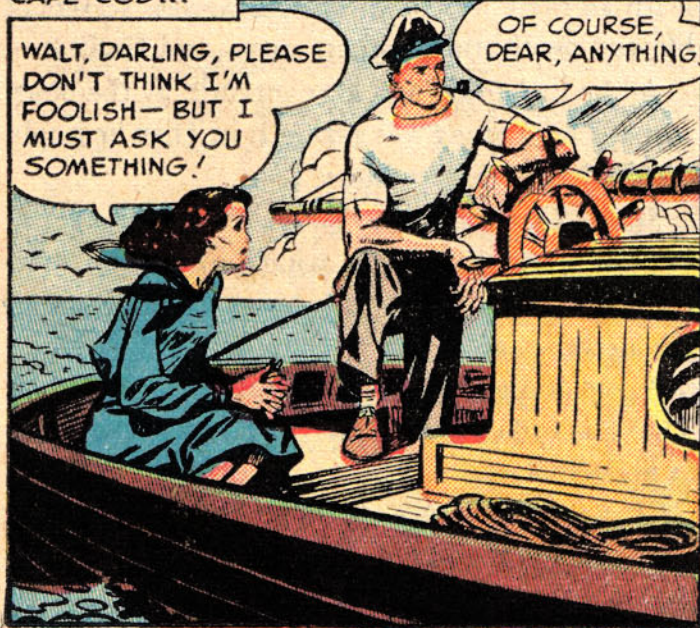
ABOARD A SMALL SAIL BOAT, SOMEWHERE OFF CAPE COD...

WALT, DARLING, PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M FOOLISH— BUT I MUST ASK YOU SOMETHING!

OF COURSE, DEAR, ANYTHING!

DO YOU REALLY LOVE ME, WALT? OR-OR IS IT BECAUSE I'M SO RICH!

EVE!





DON'T EVEN THINK THAT! I LOVE YOU, DARLING! I LOVE YOU FOR YOURSELF!

OH, WALT! YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY!



GOSH, HONEY! LOOK AT THAT SKY! AND THE SEA IS GETTING CHOPPY! WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR HOME!

YES! HURRY!

THE STORM BREAKS IN ALL ITS FURY, AND THE SMALL BOAT IS HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF THE WILD WIND, LASHING RAIN AND CHURNING SEA ...

DESPERATELY, HE FIGHTS THE WHEEL, BUT SUDDENLY...



WALT! WALT! THAT REEF! STEER CLEAR!

I-I CAN'T! THE WHEEL IS FOULED!



WALT!



WALT! HELP ME! I-I CAN'T SWIM!

NO! THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE!

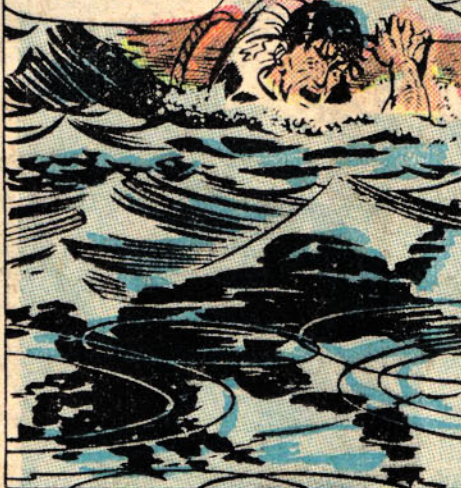


I COULDN'T HELP IT, EVE! I COULDN'T HELP IT! THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR YOU!

THE WATER CLOSES OVER EVE. THEN A MOMENT LATER, SHE RISES TO THE SURFACE FOR THE LAST TIME, HER DEAD EYES STARING INTO HIS...



SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD!
EVE! THOSE EYES! SHE
BLAMES ME! BELIEVE ME,
EVE, THERE WAS
NO ROOM!

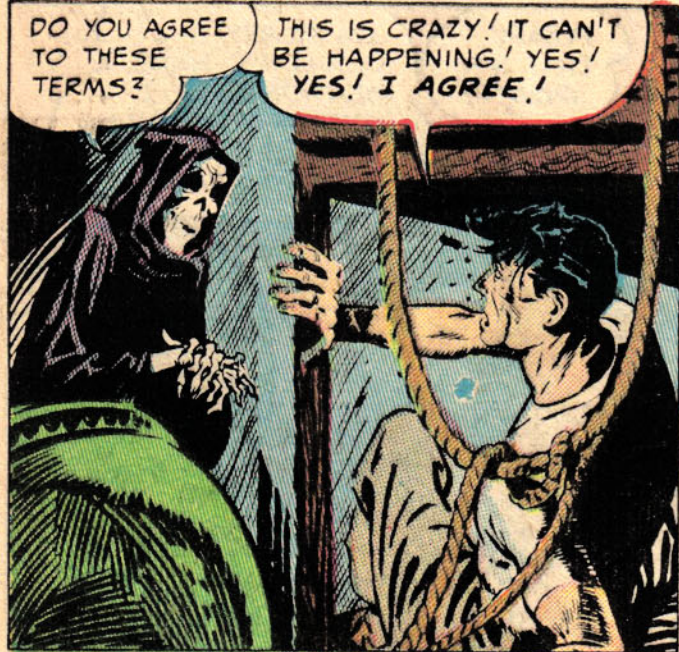


ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
WALT CLINGS TO THE SPAR.
AS THE SUN RISES, BRINGING
AN END TO THE STORM...



LATER, INSIDE THE NEARBY LIGHTHOUSE...





DO YOU AGREE TO THESE TERMS?

THIS IS CRAZY! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING! YES! YES! I AGREE!

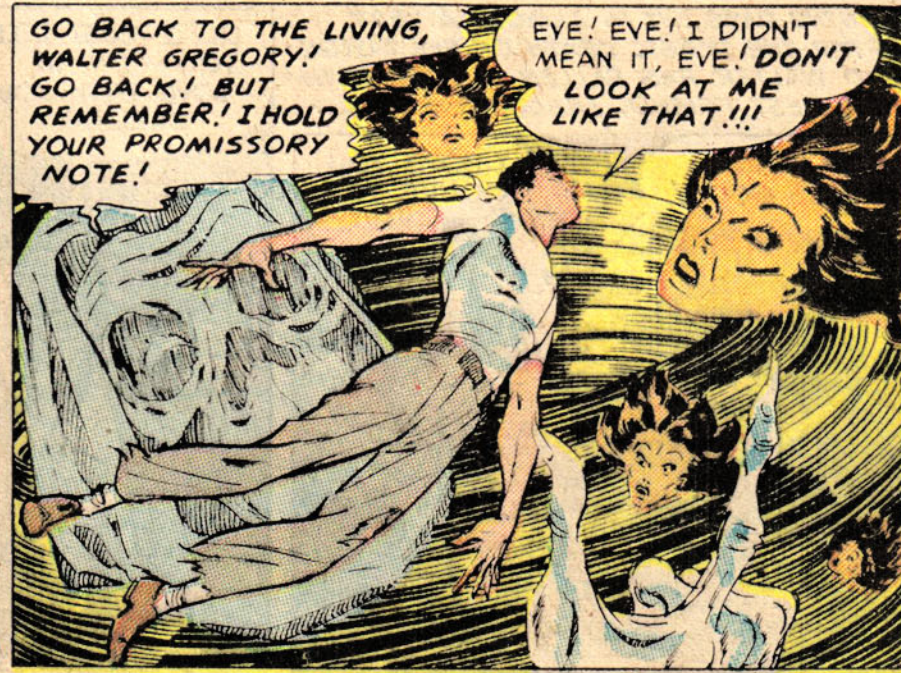


THEN SIGN THIS PROMISSARY NOTE! REMEMBER — THE FORFEIT IS YOUR LIFE, COLLECTIBLE IN A YEAR! SIGN HERE!

I'LL SIGN! I'LL DO ANYTHING — BUT STOP THIS MADNESS!

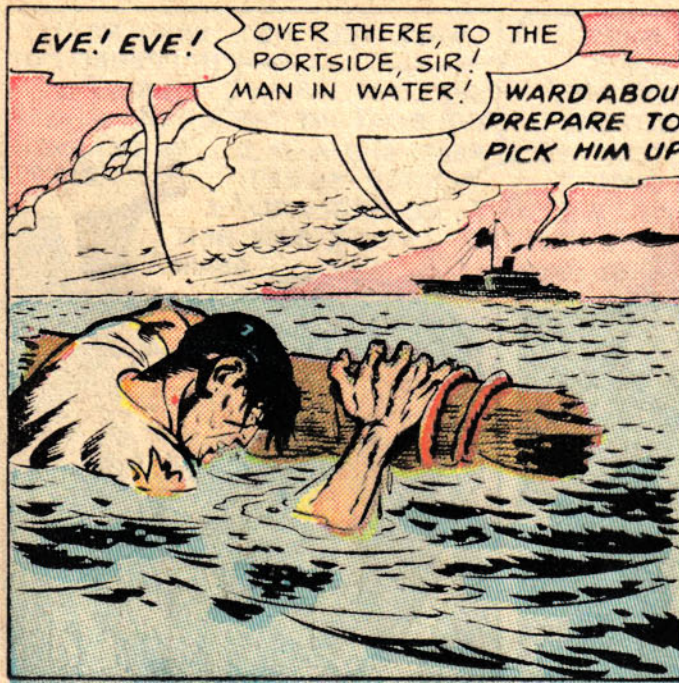


GOOD! NOW I SHALL RETURN YOU TO WHERE YOU MAY BE FOUND. BUT REMEMBER, YOUR NOTE IS DUE IN A YEAR!



GO BACK TO THE LIVING, WALTER GREGORY! GO BACK! BUT REMEMBER! I HOLD YOUR PROMISSARY NOTE!

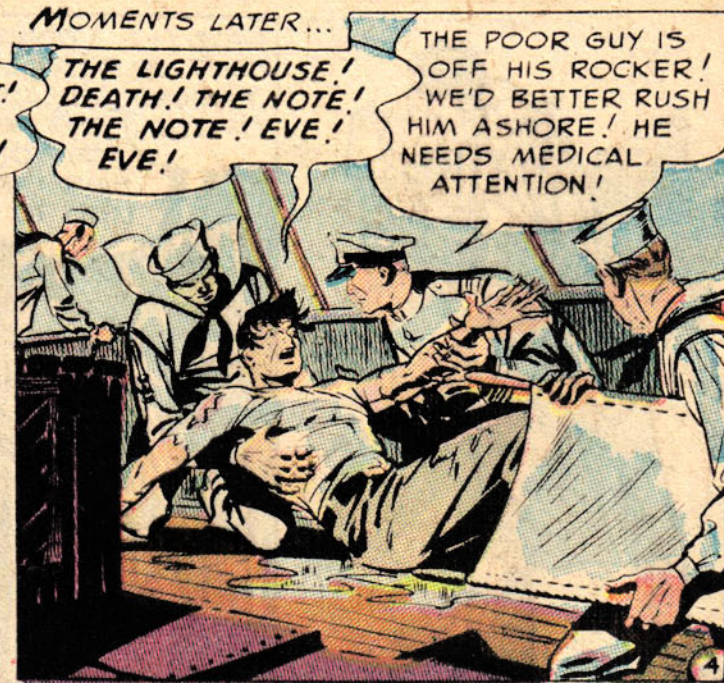
EVE! EVE! I DIDN'T MEAN IT, EVE! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!!!



EVE! EVE!

OVER THERE, TO THE PORTSIDE, SIR! MAN IN WATER!

WARD ABOUT! PREPARE TO PICK HIM UP!



MOMENTS LATER...

THE LIGHTHOUSE! DEATH! THE NOTE! THE NOTE! EVE! EVE!

THE POOR GUY IS OFF HIS ROCKER! WE'D BETTER RUSH HIM ASHORE! HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION!

A WEEK LATER, WALT IS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL...



MR. GREGORY, YOU WERE A LUCKY MAN TO ESCAPE WITH YOUR LIFE!

WELL, I GUESS MY NUMBER WASN'T UP YET!

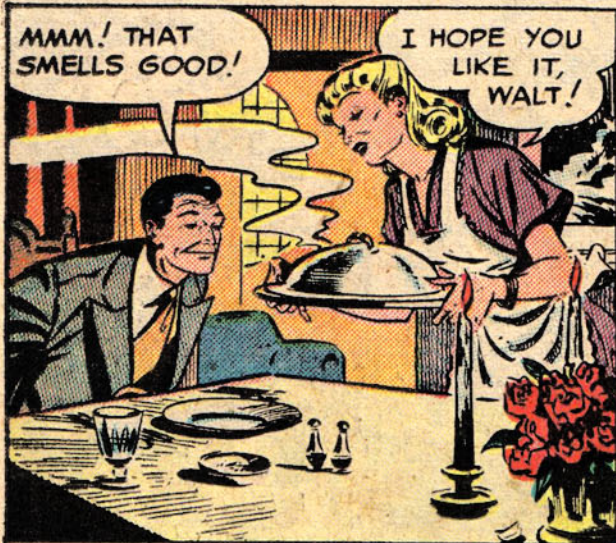
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, WALT! POOR EVE! I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MAID OF HONOR AT YOUR WEDDING!

PLEASE, LILLIAN—
DON'T!

I'M SORRY! I-I SHOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED IT. I HAVE A TAXI WAITING OUTSIDE! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!



MONTHS PASS... IT IS ALMOST A YEAR AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF EVE TAYLOR—AND WALTER HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER BEST FRIEND, LILLIAN DARROW...

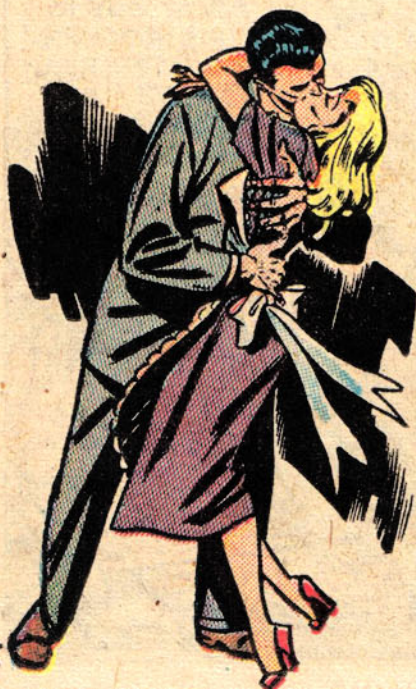


MMM! THAT SMELLS GOOD!

I HOPE YOU LIKE IT, WALT!

LIL! I MUST TELL YOU—I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, DARLING!

OH, WALT! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR!



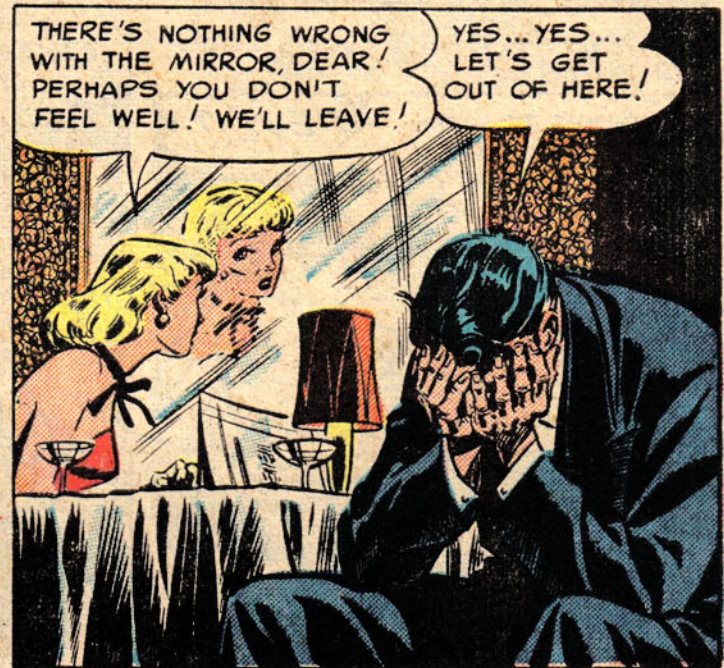
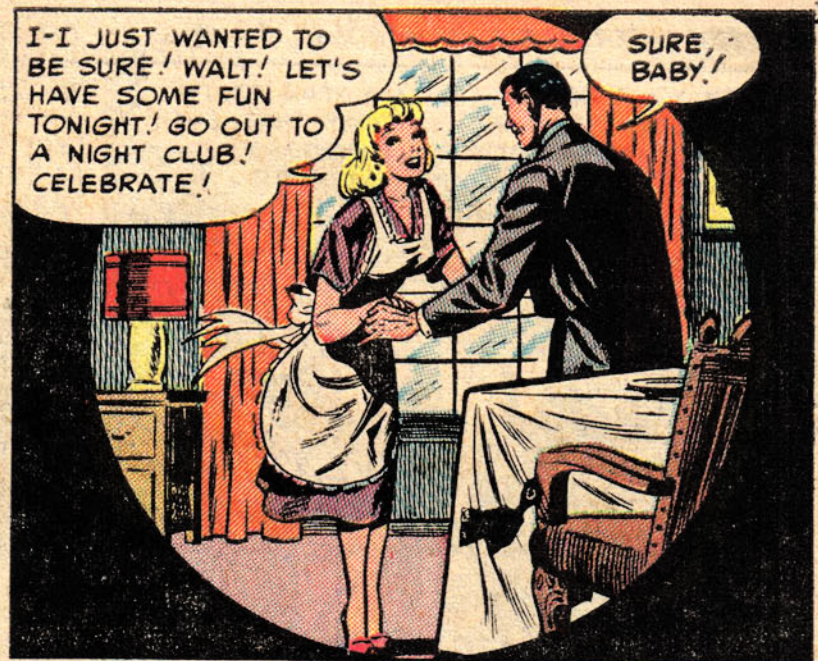
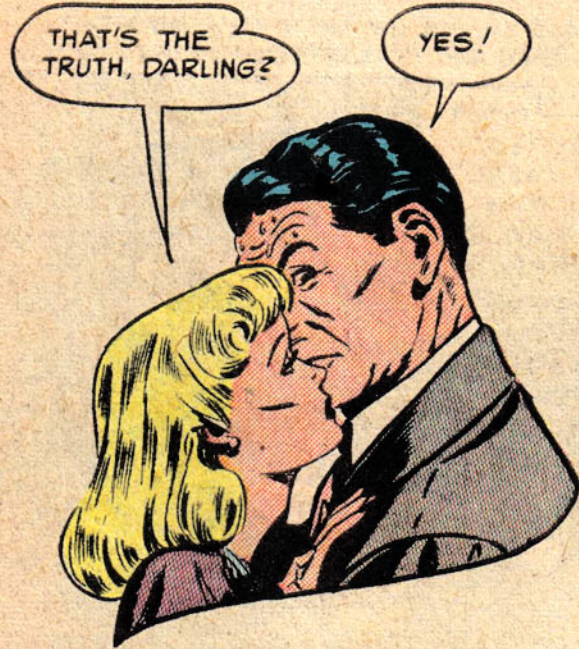
WALT, I-I CAN'T HELP THINKING OF EVE!

DON'T! SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S DEAD FOR ME! AND SHOULD BE FOR YOU, TOO! WE HAVE OUR OWN LIVES TO LIVE! WE CAN'T BE HAUNTED BY GHOSTS!

WALT, TELL ME... WHAT REALLY HAPPENED OUT THERE? I MEAN HOW DID EVE DIE?

SHE... SHE... WHEN THE BOAT HIT THE REEF, SHE AND I WERE SWEEPED OVERBOARD! I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN!





A WEEK LATER, IN THE PARIS-BOUND PLANE...

**FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS!
WE HAVE TO MAKE A
FORCED LANDING! MOTOR
TROUBLE! PLEASE REMAIN
CALM!**

**A YEAR TO THE
DAY THAT EVE
DIED! I
WONDER...**

**THE PLANE LANDS ON THE WATER AND THE
PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED TO EMERGENCY
RAFTS...**

**DON'T
GET EXCITED,
FOLKS! WE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!
HELP IS ALREADY
ON THE WAY!**

**SUDDENLY—AS WALT GAZES INTO
THE WATER...**

**YOU DIDN'T TELL THE
TRUTH ABOUT ME,
WALT. YOU DIDN'T TELL
THE TRUTH! NOW
THE NOTE IS
DUE!**

EVE!!

**EEEE! HE JUMPED
OVERBOARD!**

**PUT A LIGHT ON
HIM! HE MUST
HAVE GONE
CRAZY!**

**THE BEACON FROM THE
LIGHTHOUSE OF DEATH!
I'LL ESCAPE! I'LL --
OHHHHH! I HAVE A
CRAMP! I CAN'T
MOVE!**

**AND BEFORE THE HORRIFIED
EYES OF THE ONLOOKERS,
WALT GREGORY SINKS INTO THE
SAME WATERY GRAVE TO WHICH
HE HAD DOOMED EVE TAYLOR...**

**SOMEWHERE IN THE UNKNOWN
MISTS OF THE HALF-WORLD,
MORTA, KEEPER OF THE
LIGHTHOUSE OF DEATH, CANCELS
ANOTHER DEBT.**

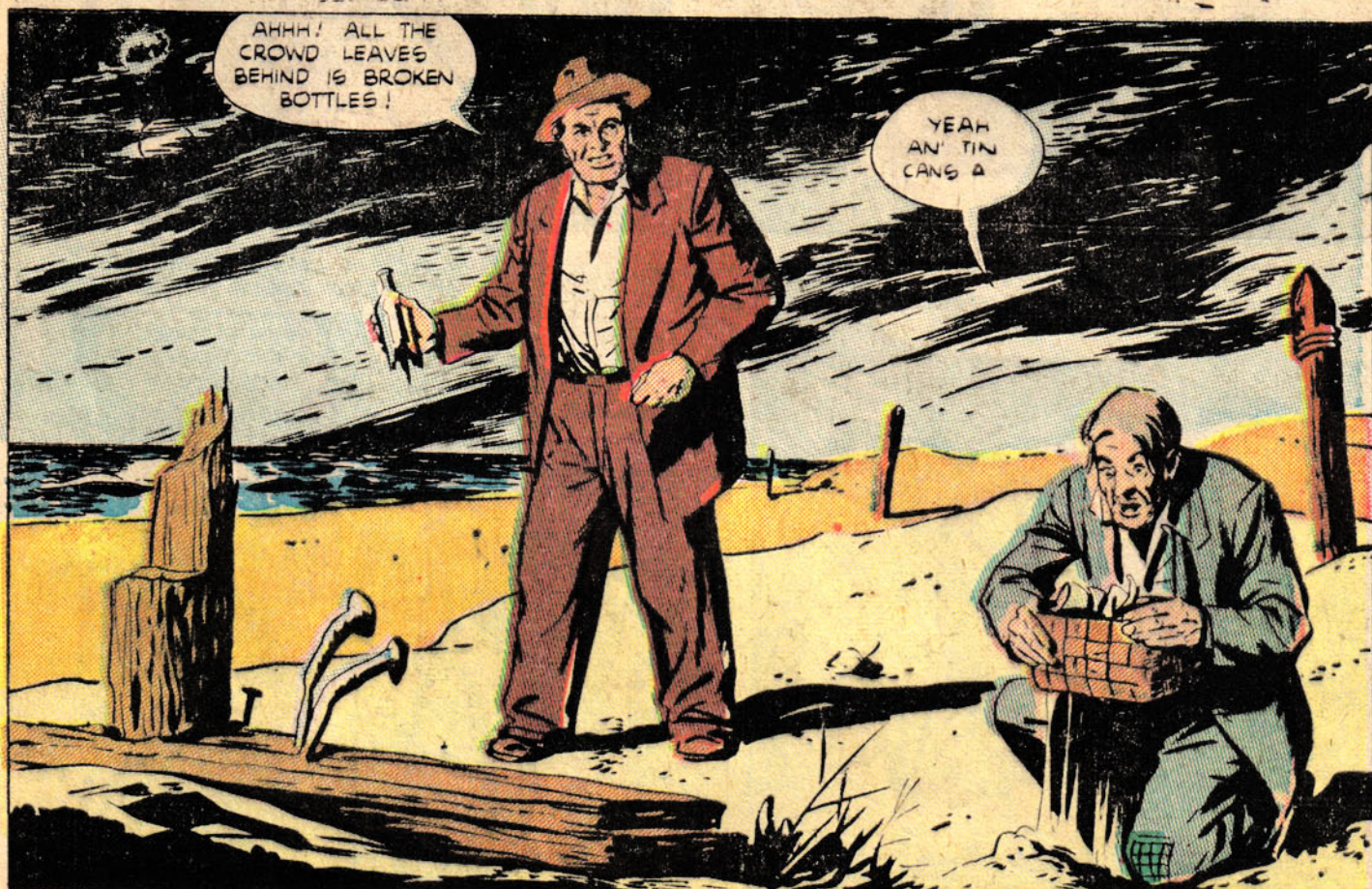
**EVE!
EVE!
EVE!
EVE...
EVE...
EVE...
EVE...
EVE...
EVE...**

**WALTER GREGORY!
PAID IN FULL!**

THE END

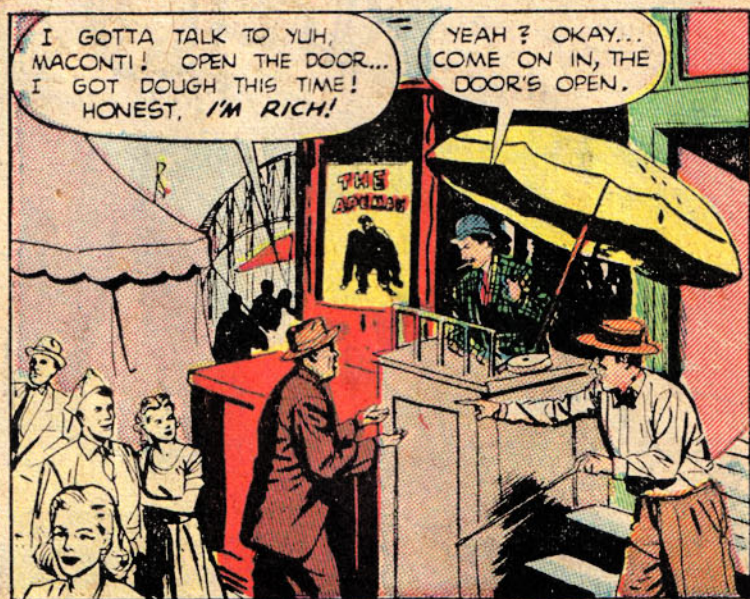
ON A LONELY STRIP OF SHORELINE KNOWN AS FERRIS BEACH, BILL BARLOW AND CHARLEY SYKES, UNEMPLOYED NOW FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, COMB THE DIRTY SANDS IN SEARCH OF DIRTY COINS AND TRINKETS...

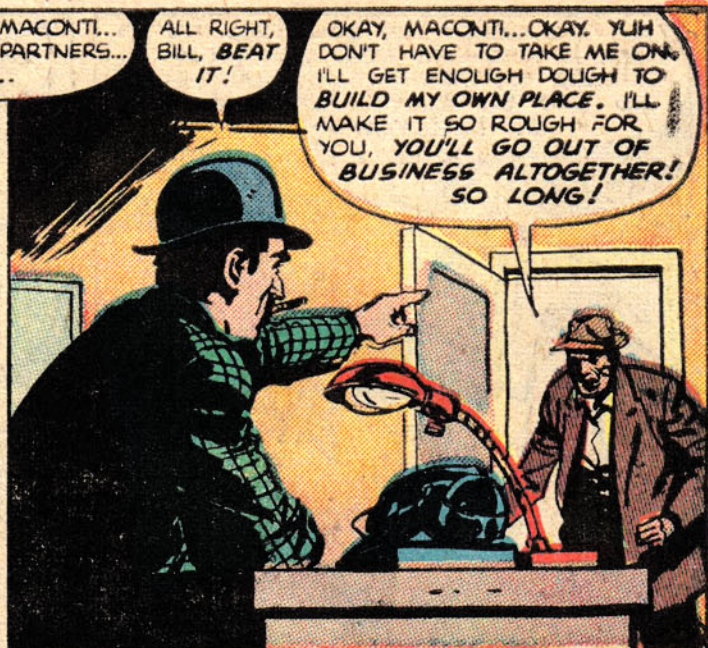
The TUNNEL of HORROR



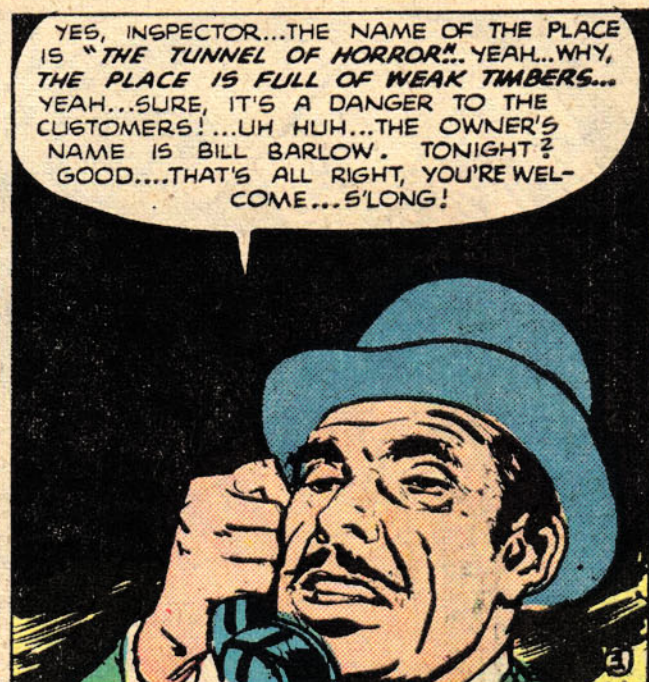


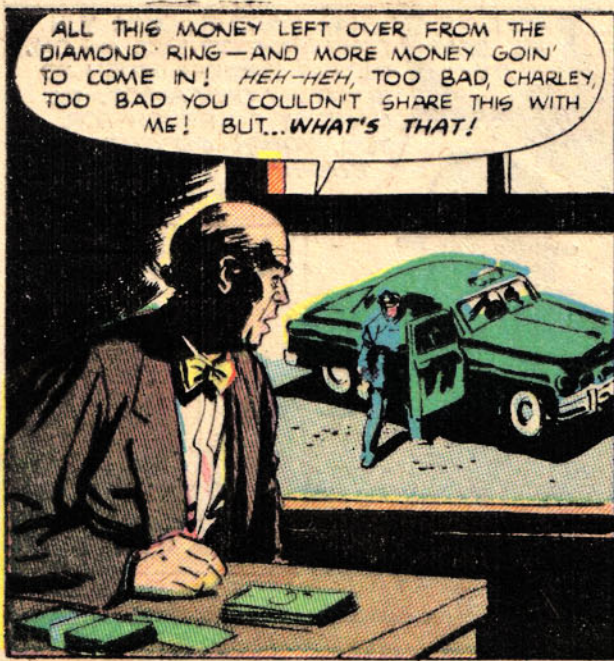
AN HOUR LATER, BILL BARLOW IS ON THE MIDWAY, THE GAUDY ENTERTAINMENT SECTION OF FERRIS BEACH...





SEVERAL DAYS LATER...





VISION of the GODS

DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF CEYLON A FEW YEARS AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR, BROOK-FARRAR AND G. A. SMITH WERE SHOOTING MOVIES OF THE TEMPLE OF KATARGAMA FOR A BRITISH TRAVEL-LOGUE. NEAR THEM STOOD A NATIVE CHIEFTAIN WISE IN THE LORE OF THE JUNGLE ...

YOU ARE NOW PHOTOGRAPHING THE HISTORY OF OUR FOREFATHERS!

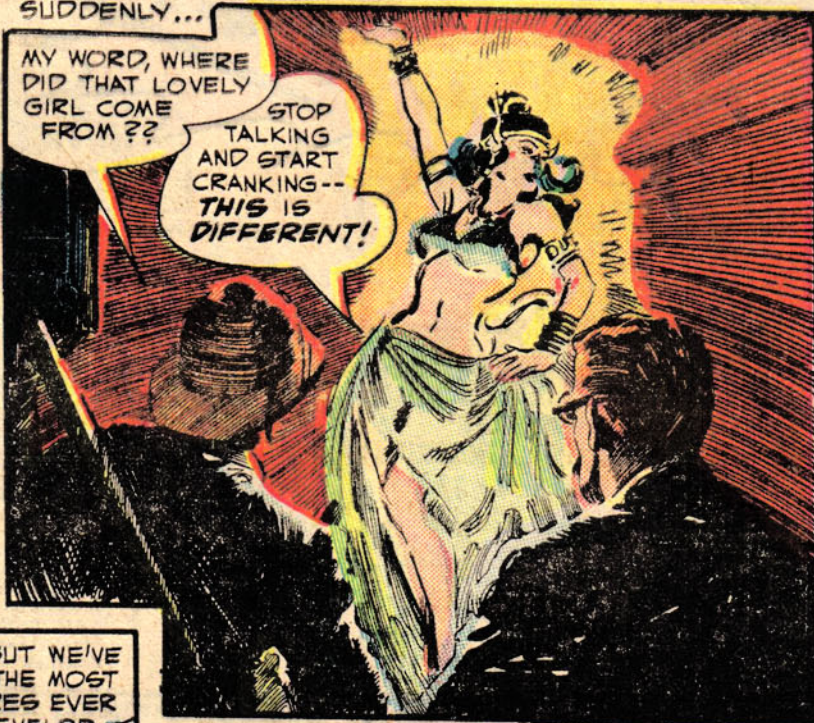
I SUPPOSE SO, BUT IT'S ALL RATHER DULL, DON'T YOU KNOW?



SUDDENLY...

MY WORD, WHERE DID THAT LOVELY GIRL COME FROM??

STOP TALKING AND START CRANKING-- THIS IS DIFFERENT!



THE LOVELY GIRL DANCED ON AND ON AND ON AND THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS SHE HAD APPEARED, SHE FADED AWAY...

I SAY, WHERE DID SHE GO?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT A REEL OF THE MOST EXCITING PICTURES EVER TAKEN! LET'S DEVELOP THEM IMMEDIATELY!



LATER...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. THE TEMPLE AND EVERYTHING ELSE REGISTERED PERFECTLY BUT THE GIRL DIDN'T PHOTOGRAPH!

WE'RE NOT BALMY ARE WE SMITH? WE BOTH SAW HER, YET THE FILM DIDN'T!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN THEY RAN THE REEL OF PERFECTLY EXPOSED FILM. BUT NOWHERE DID THE GIRL APPEAR!

BE SATISFIED MY SONS THAT THE GODS HAVE HONORED YOU WITH A VISION NOT USUALLY SEEN BY MORTAL MAN!



EVERETT ROBINSON KINSTLER

BOTH BROOK-FARRAR, FAMED ARTIST AND G. A. SMITH NOTED PHOTOGRAPHER, ARE SOBER MEN OF INTEGRITY. HAD THEY IN FACT SEEN A VISION OF AN ANCIENT CEYLONSE GODDESS? WHY THEN HAD THE FILM RECORDED EVERYTHING ELSE, BUT NOT THE DANCING GIRL?

FLASH!

SPECIAL SALE! THIS MONTH ONLY

ALL PRICES SLASHED!

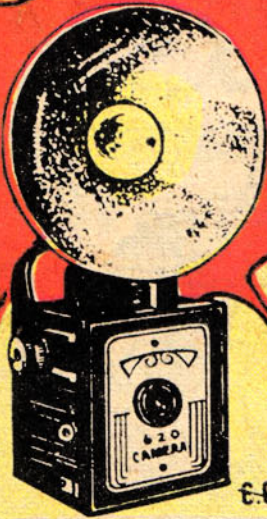
NOTICE

YOU MUST USE THE COUPON BELOW IN ORDER TO GET THESE SPECIAL PRICES. This offer will not be repeated. Supplies limited. Order while they last!

"PRESS ACTION"
#620

FLASH CAMERA

4.95

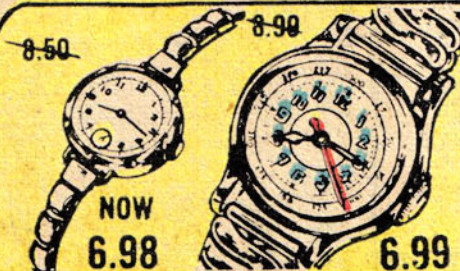


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**INDOORS! OUTDOORS!
BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR!
PARTIES! NEWS SHOTS!**

An AMAZING Camera. Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT, indoors or outdoors. Sharp BLACK and WHITE snapshots or FULL COLOR photos, using Kodacolor film. 12 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Win admiration at parties, dances. NOW \$4.95

FILM Special #620 Orthochromatic. 3 ROLLS for \$1.00



8.50

8.99

NOW

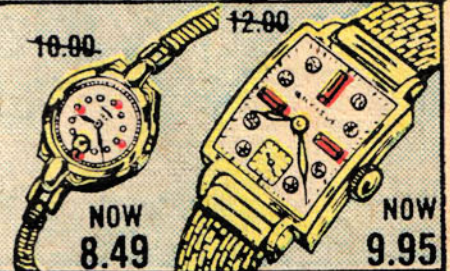
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NOW

6.99

PERFECT for active women and girls. Fine JEWELLED movement in dainty case. GILT hands and numbers. Smart Link Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.98

BEST for active men and boys. SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC! Luminous Dial! Jewelled Movement! Red Sweep-Second! Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.99



10.00

12.00

NOW

8.49

NOW

9.95

Ladies' Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case. Dial has 12 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet. NOW \$8.49

Rich, Flashing Men's Jewelled Watch with 11 Sparkling imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Gold finish case. Deluxe Basketball-weave Bracelet. NOW \$9.95

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3.74

Real Sparkling, Shining BEAUTY! Engagement Ring has 4 Flashing Brilliants and a BEAUTIFUL imitation DIAMOND SOLITAIRE. 7 Twinkling Brilliants in the Wedding Ring. 12K GOLD Filled. Both rings. NOW \$3.74

4.98



BIRTHSTONE

1.79

Exquisite, petite LOCKET BRACELET set with your own color BIRTHSTONE. Locket is shaped like a tiny little Book and holds 6 Photos. 14K GOLD plated. NOW \$1.79

DIAMOND

Dainty engraved HEART LOCKET with a GENUINE DIAMOND CHIP. Holds 2 photos. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$3.49

4.95

3.49



INITIAL RING

A Handsome, Masculine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRILLIANT RUBY - RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imitation DIAMONDS on the sides. Rich 14K R.G.P. NOW \$2.95

2.95



4.95



DIAMOND RING for Men. 14K R.G.P. REAL DIAMOND CHIP on Gen. MOTHER OF PEARL face. 2 RUBY color side SPARKLERS. NOW \$4.98



CLUSTER RING with your color BIRTHSTONE set in a circle of Blazing imitation DIAMONDS. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$1.84



BUCKLE RING Manly, impressive style wins attention. 10K GOLD Filled. 3 BIG imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. NOW \$2.98

FREE NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise - right in your own home. You risk nothing! If not delighted, return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every article we sell is GUARANTEED! Or der from this famous company and be convinced.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS



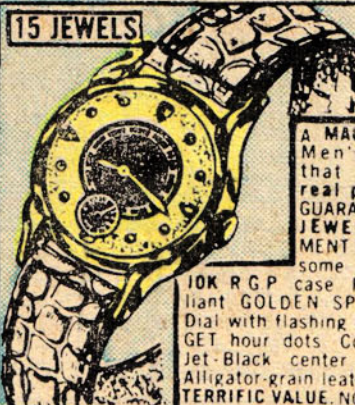
'Sun Glow' Ring. Rich simulation of a glowing Big 10 CARAT STAR RUBY with 2 side DIAMONDS. Deep fire! 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.98



Sweetheart Set. Lovely! 10 Brilliant imitation DIAMONDS with a Flashing Solitaire. 10K GOLD Filled. Both rings. NOW \$2.69



'Winner' Ring. NATURAL GOLD color. 3 Big imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Sparkling! Impress the girls. NOW \$1.98



15 JEWELS

12.95

20.00

A MAGNIFICENT Men's Watch that you'll be real proud of! GUARANTEED 15 JEWEL MOVEMENT in a Handsome GENUINE 10K R.G.P. case. Rich, brilliant GOLDEN SPRINKLED Dial with flashing GILT-NUGGET hour dots. Contrasting Jet-Black center. Genuine Alligator-grain leather strap. TERRIFIC VALUE. NOW \$12.95



'PRINCE' RING Here's a Rich, Massive Ring for you. With a Huge Flashing imitation DIAMOND and 6 Fiery Red imitation RUBIES. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.49



'COBRA' RING Unusual Exciting! Realistic SNAKES, circling your finger with 3 BLAZING imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES in the heads. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.69

MAIL THIS COUPON

CASA DE JOYAS, Dept. 2D-24
Box 232 Mad. Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach to this coupon. Pay postman plus few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. THEN EXAMINE IN YOUR OWN HOME. SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME

ADDRESS

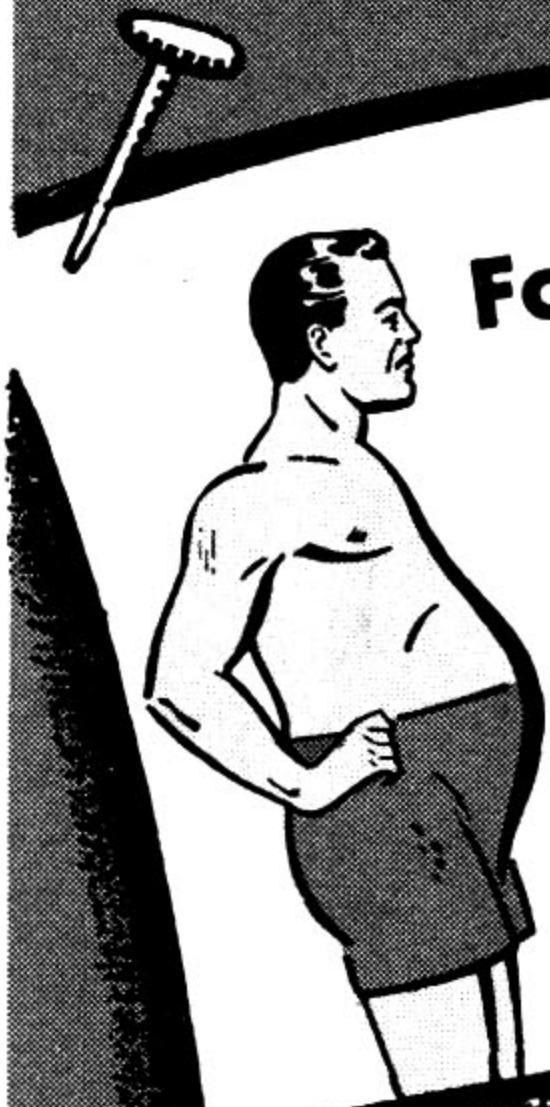
TOWN

STATE

(Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED and your BIRTH MONTH. If you need more room, attach a sheet of paper.)

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER" . . .



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

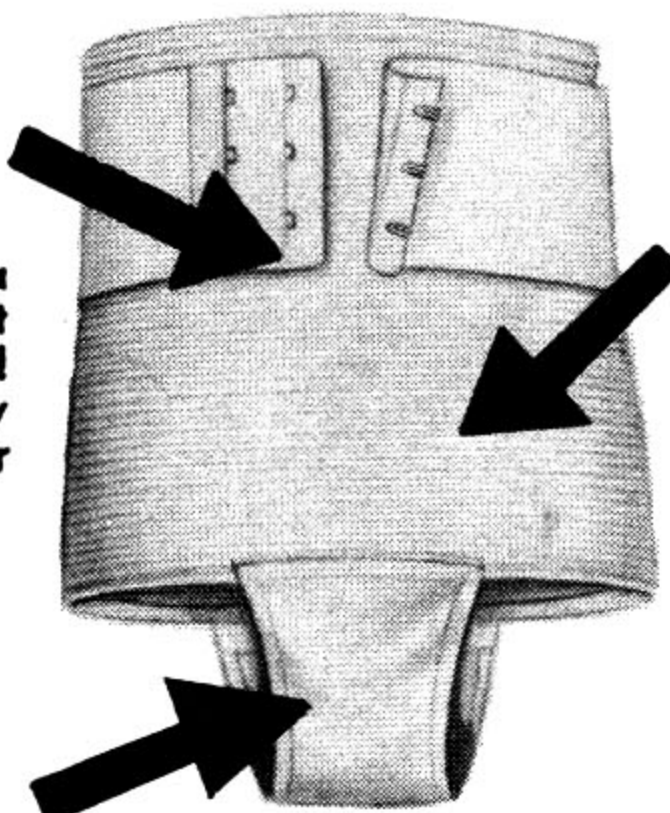
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge . . . or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in . . . flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

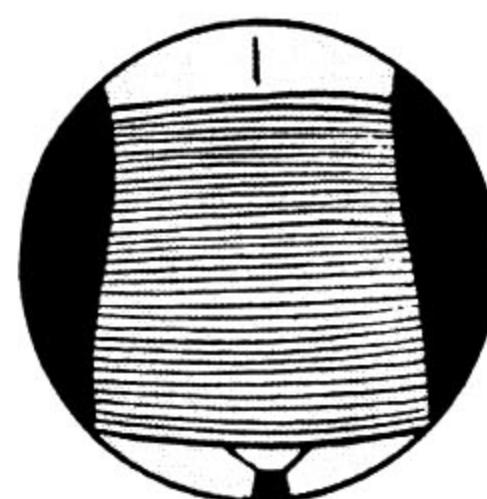


TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View
FITS SNUG AT
SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined . . . how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



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SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2704-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone State

☐ Save 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.



Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

<p>5 inches of new Muscle</p> <p>"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2½"; fore-arm ¾". —C.S., W.Va.</p>	<p>What a difference!</p> <p>"Have put 3½" on chest (normal) and 2½" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.</p>
<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p> <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." —W. G., N.J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." —T. K., N.Y.</p>

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest — in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"**Dynamic Tension**!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with**. When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. **No theory**—every exercise is **practical**. And, man, **so easy**! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "**Dynamic Tension**" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU**! For a real thrill, send for this book **today**—at **ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 376Q 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



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I want the proof that your system of "**Dynamic Tension**" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**."

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